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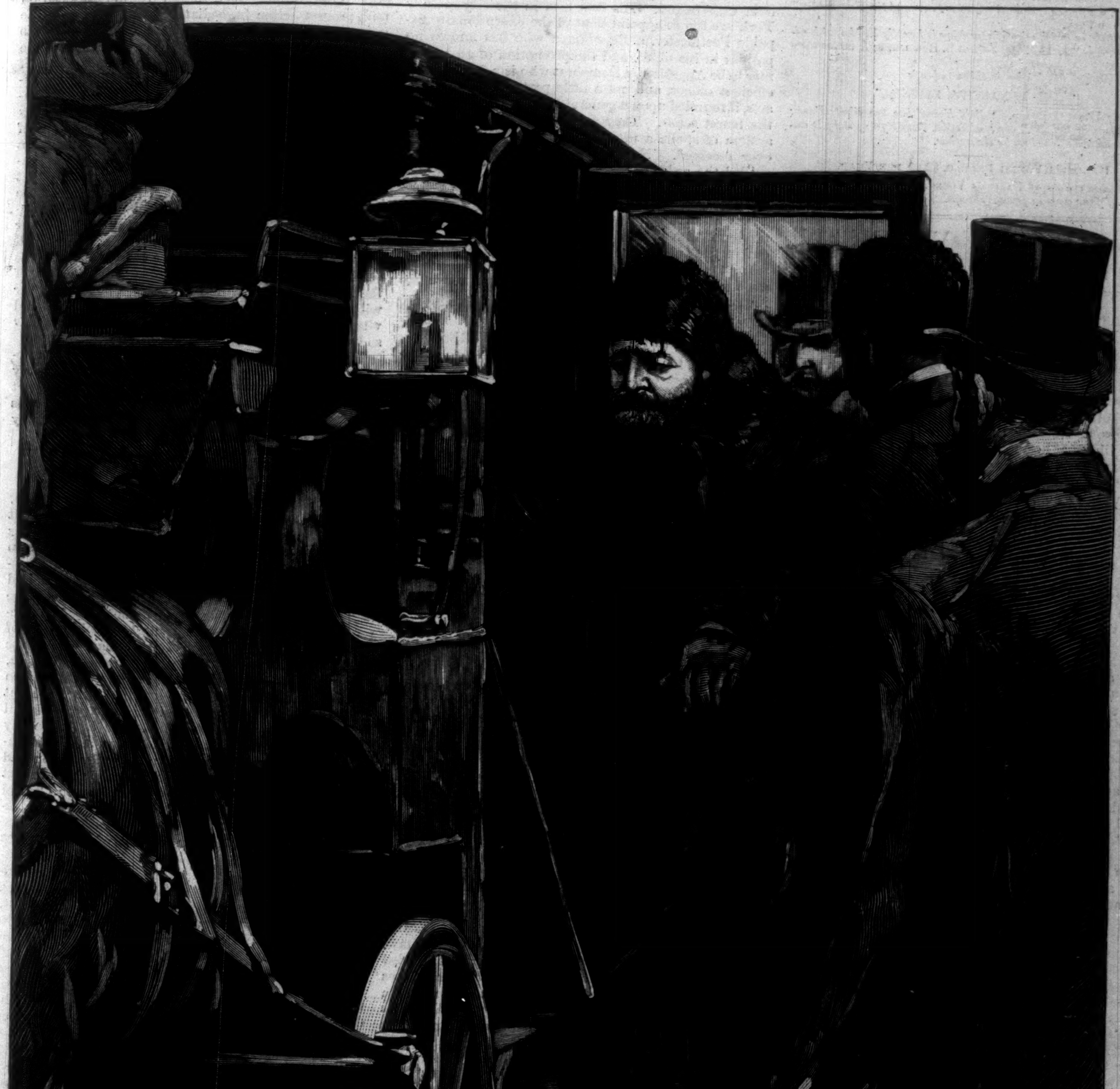

GENERAL GRANT—OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON'S DRIVE IN THE PARK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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An article in which scientific teaching is happily blended with entertainment is "Lichens," by SOPHIE B. HERRICK, *with explanatory drawings.*

The principal illustration in this number is

"THE MONARCH'S FRIENDS,"

drawn by JAMES C. BEARD. *"Rolf House" has two illustrations; "A Voyage in the Air," one; while* MR. PYLE'S *fairy story is embellished with six drawings by the author.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885.

MR. PEARSON'S APPOINTMENT.

THE re-appointment of Mr. PEARSON as Postmaster of New York is a striking illustration of the President's character, and it is the most courageous act of the kind on the part of a President since the days when ANDREW JACKSON introduced the spoils system. The re-appointment was not necessary to maintain specific pledges, because Mr. CLEVELAND has carefully avoided saying that he should re-appoint good officers upon the expiration of their commissions. In his letter to the Reform League he stated that of course the reform law would be enforced, and that satisfactory officers, whose conduct had not been politically offensive, would not be disturbed during their terms. This was the extent of his declaration, and nobody who knew him could doubt that his official action would conform to it. Beyond this, however, everything was reserved for his judgment upon the circumstances of each case as it arose. In the exercise of that judgment he has decided to re-appoint Mr. PEARSON, and it may be truly said that the act is heartily approved by the best sentiment of the country of all parties. The assertion that it was demanded by Independent Republicans or Mugwumps as part of their share of the spoils is, of course, absurd. Those of them who urged the re-appointment regarded it as an act required by the soundest principle of efficient administration, and as in no proper sense exceptional.

The re-appointment, however, is accompanied by an authoritative announcement that it must be regarded as a notable exception to the method that will be pursued, and that it must not be supposed that, as a matter of course, other efficient and non-partisan officers will be re-appointed upon the expiration of their commissions. But if the object be to fill such offices with thoroughly capable and experienced men upon the ground that such public offices are public trusts and not partisan rewards, how can that object be so surely attained as by the re-appointment of officers whose actual service has demonstrated their possession of the precise qualifications sought? And if such be the object, how can such incumbents be set aside for those persons, however excellent, who are selected, not because of superior fitness or experience, but solely because of party sympathy? Would not this course substitute the partisan for the business basis of the office? In the business view of such offices, which is the true view, the selection should be no more determined by the fact that a man is a Republican or a Democrat than that he is a Roman Catholic or a Unitarian. For when the partisan consideration is suffered to determine the appointment, it will as certainly supersede every other consideration as a bad currency will drive a good currency out of circulation.

We are not unmindful of the fact that the entire civil service, with few exceptions, has been long filled with adherents of the Republican party; and that as the reform bill was adopted by that party at the close of its ascendency, it is not unnatural that the Democratic party should regard the reform as a Republican device to retain place, and should insist that there are Democrats quite as competent for the service as Republicans. In this situation it may be thought expedient that the appointing power, without making a "clean sweep," should avail itself of the expiration of terms, and consequent legal vacancies, to introduce a party equilibrium. This is what JEFFERSON proposed. But such an equilibrium can readily be attained by making changes in those cases only where there has been partisan abuse of the office. Whenever that can be satisfactorily established, whether in the 40,000 and more post-offices held at the pleasure of the Postmaster-General, or in those offices which the President fills with the consent of the Senate, it may be expedient, under the circumstances, to appoint Democrats who will refrain from such abuse. But in all other cases the principle that public office is a public trust demands that the partisan consideration shall be absolutely excluded, and that all honest, efficient, and satisfactory incumbents shall be retained or re-appointed. This is the principle of the reform. This is the principle that we have always maintained, and obviously it is a principle whose application can not be limited to one officer or to one office. Every citizen who is interested in reform acknowledges with gratitude the great services of President CLEVELAND. His first acts in the city of New York are the re-appointment of the exceptionally capable Postmaster, a Republican who has known no politics in his office, and the promotion of an Examiner to be Appraiser, a Democrat who is a faithful and efficient officer, and not a little party "boss." Such acts, if founded upon a general principle, are reform in the truest sense. They are acts which give the old system of spoils a more damaging blow than it has ever received. No administration has so fatally chilled the ardor of the spoils-hunting crowd. It is unreasonable, indeed, to expect that there will not be inconsistencies in its action, and the results upon the Democratic party are yet to be seen. But there can be no doubt that an administration conducted throughout in the spirit in which this has begun will command the approval of all American citizens who place good government and the public welfare above the interests of party.

THE SECOND REPORT OF PROGRESS.

WE have too long neglected to speak of the second annual report of the National Civil Service Commission, which contains a comprehensive survey of the reform work during the year, and is full of instruction and encouragement upon the great subject which it treats. The report appears at a most interesting and crucial moment in the history of the reform, for the severest test to which the reformed system could be exposed is that of a party change in the Executive. The hostility of venal politicians is sure at such a time to take every specious form of plausible sophistry, and to appeal to the sheer ferocity of party spirit to paralyze and baffle the sound principles of efficient administration. This is what we are now seeing, and the President is openly threatened, by those in his party who most bitterly opposed his election because of his known interest in reform, that unless he surrenders to them his convictions and purposes, his party shall be defeated. If the President adheres to his views, and conforms his action to them, the distinction of his administration will be the most salutary administrative reform in our history.

Toward this desirable result the report of the Commission is a very effective aid, because of the completeness of the information which it furnishes, and its significant account of the operations of the year under the law. The enormous work of the Commission, however, and the vast mass of details with which it necessarily deals, are implied rather than stated in the report. It was the necessity of this immense detail in carrying out effectively the reformed system which led to its limited application at the beginning. The law was approved in January, and it was made applicable to the classified service at the end of six months. Instead, therefore, of applying to the whole service at once, which was practically impossible, while the inevitable failure would have discredited the whole reformed system, it included about 14,000 employés, at the most important offices in the country. The singular success of the reform is attested by the evidence of the heads of the various offices in which it has been put in operation. It is a success, of course, largely due to unremitting diligence in the office of the Commission, to the intelligent assiduity of the chief examiner, and to the sympathy, efficiency, and skill of the local boards of examination, of which that at New York, of which Mr. JOHN M. COMSTOCK is chairman, may be cited as an illustration.

The actual results of the reformed system have effectually disposed of the familiar and reiterated objections to it, which are proved to spring from ignorance and prejudice. Not only are competent and qualified employés obtained for the public service, but they are obtained in a manner which preserves their self-respect, and secures the independence and generous ambition which spring from the consciousness that they owe their employment to their own proved merit, and not to the favor of somebody else. The question of the extension of the classified service is carefully treated in the report, which shows that there is no good reason for making the heads of the post-offices and customs offices, to which the rules apply, political bosses instead of business agents; that the examinations may be wisely introduced into the consular service, and into the selections for the national military and naval schools, and to the government of the District of Columbia; and that the rules may wisely apply, also, to the railway mail service, the internal revenue, and the mint, and to places in the departments at Washington not now included. The Commission will undoubtedly make suitable recommendations to the President upon this subject. It would be a grievous misfortune if the third annual report should not show even a still more decided advance than that which the second so satisfactorily describes.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE INDIANS.

WE learn with pleasure that the President has suspended the execution of the executive order advised by the late Secretary of the Interior, to which we referred a fortnight since, opening the Crow Creek Indian Reservation. The Indian Rights Association took prompt action immediately upon hearing of the order, which deprived the Indians of 500,000 of the 635,000 acres of their reservation, upon which some 2000 settlers immediately entered. About one-half of the tract left to the Indians is particularly worthless, and they are consequently in danger of starvation.

The Executive Committee of the Association, of which WAYNE MCVEAGH is chairman, has issued a brief and vigorous protest, declaring that the executive order is unquestionably illegal and invalid; that it was made in great haste, at the very close of the late administration, without official notice to the Indian Bureau or to the Indian Committee of either House of Congress; that the Indians are persuaded that they occupy the land under treaty, and may be betrayed very readily into resenting an invasion of their rights, which would probably draw on a war with the whole Sioux nation—a calamity which would vitally endanger the Indian civilization which is now so happily begun.

The timely interposition of the President has probably prevented a great disaster, and has certainly given time for the thorough inquiry into the subject which he has directed. The "self-constituted" friends of the Indian have undoubtedly saved the country from a serious disgrace and loss.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE Senate, very early in the special session, adopted a resolution offered by Mr. EDMUNDS that BARRIOS should be prevented from enforcing his scheme of annexing the Central American states to Guatemala. The objection that substantially the resolution was a declaration of war was overruled, and the ships of war in South American waters were ordered to the coast of Central America. The Secretary of State addressed a reply to the inquiries of Senator MILLER, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, stating the precise situation, and our rights and duties under existing treaties. On the 7th of March, BARRIOS telegraphed to President CLEVELAND his assumption of supreme power in all the Central American republics. On the same day Nicaragua telegraphed her protest, and asked our interference. Two days later San Salvador announced that with Nicaragua and Costa Rica she should resist the BARRIOS usurpation, and our Minister in Central America stated the subversive character of the BARRIOS movement.

Secretary BAYARD, upon receipt of the BARRIOS manifesto, at once telegraphed the United States Minister at Guatemala that this government, while friendly to a voluntary union of the Central American states, would not countenance any forcible effort to secure it, and would exert its influence to avert conflict and to promote peace, and each government was so informed, as well as its representative in Washington, and the Mexican Minister was apprised of our willingness to use all our moral influence and good offices to protect the autonomy of the republics. Mexico withdrew her Minister to Guatemala, and in consequence of the prompt protest of Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Costa Rica, and of the action of Mexico and the distinct declaration of the United States, the BARRIOS expedition against San Salvador was for a moment arrested; but it was resumed. Actual hostilities have begun, and BARRIOS has been defeated.

The only treaties that bear upon our relation to the situation are those with Honduras and Nicaragua, of 1864 and 1867 respectively. The first concerns a joint guarantee with Honduras of a railway which was never built, and the second is a treaty of the same character with Nicaragua. Under these treaties no rights or obligations of the United States arise for this emergency, and to the knowledge of the government no European power contemplates interference. Guatemala has been notified that she will be held responsible for injuries to cables or other interests of citizens of the United States; and Secretary BAYARD believes that the moral influence and good offices of the government will keep the peace. Mr. EDMUNDS'S resolution contemplates active and forcible repression, if necessary, of any attempt of BARRIOS to carry out his scheme. It is an assertion of the practical protectorate of this government over Central America which goes farther than any action hitherto taken. Mr. Edmunds was a warm supporter of the Nicaragua treaty recently negotiated, but not yet ratified, which assumes the repudiation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; and his resolution, of course, raises the question whether the declaration of the Senate that the designs of Barrios shall be prevented is compatible with our general policy of non-interference in the contentions of foreign states, and with the Clayton-Bulwer stipulation that the United States will not "occupy" nor "exercise any dominion" over "any part of Central America."

CANADA AND MANITOBA.

There are war clouds in every direction. England is already engaged in Egypt, and England and Russia confront each other upon the Afghan frontier; France is hard pressed in Tonquin, and in a very ugly mood at home; and upon this continent the Central American states stand with their swords drawn, and Riel in Saskatchewan with the French half-breeds has already defeated a force of the mounted police of Canada, which are an admirably trained body; and the Indians are rising, and apparently a formidable disturbance is impending. The trouble is a continuation of that of 1869. When the Hudson Bay Company transferred their dominion over the Northwest to the Canadian government, certain land rights of the half-breed settlers were disregarded. Resistance was offered by them under Riel, and a provisional government established. The result was the banishment of Riel, and a grant of lands to the half-breeds. The settlement was made in 1870, and applied to Manitoba only. But the new settlers far up along Saskatchewan River now demand the same privileges, and Riel again leads the revolt. The remoteness of the scene of war, and the vast natural barriers between old Canada and the Northwest, are immense obstacles, and they will be increased by the condition of the ground in early spring.

There is another reason for discontent, arising from the terms of the settlement under which the colonies and provinces were made admissible to the Dominion. The other colonies could come in whenever they wished to do so, and Newfoundland has not yet declared her wish. But Manitoba was to be forced in when the Canadian Parliament chose. There are 12,000 people in the province, of whom 5757 are French half-breeds, 4083 English half-breeds, 1565 whites, including Canadians, Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, and French, and the small remainder are Indians. As a member of a forced confederation, the feeling of Manitoba is not friendly to the Dominion, and the present movement is ostensibly due to the conviction that constitutional demands have been refused.

There is a great deal of religious feeling mixed with the politics of the situation. The half-breeds are Roman Catholics, and the Canadian party is an Orange party. Such differences inflame the quarrels that spring from a sense of political injustice. But the original fault is the old one, annexation without the popular consent. The bill of settlement seems to have presupposed an unwillingness in Manitoba to join the Dominion, and therefore to have provided compulsion. The trouble, consequently, can not be regarded as a mere wanton insurrection. It is a growth from an old root, and it has a constitutional plea.

H. E. THE MINISTER TO TURKEY.

The universal good-will of the press of all parties toward Mr. S. S. Cox, the new minister to Turkey, is due to the singular urbanity and freedom from partisan rancor which have characterized that generous and accomplished gentleman, who is, however, and who has been always, a positive Democrat. His party can ill spare him from Congress, where his long service, his knowledge of the House and of parliamentary law, his familiarity with public questions, his constant good-humor, his readiness and competency as a debater, have made him one of the most prominent figures.

Mr. Cox has been a wide traveller. He has seen many men and cities, and his quick observation and nimble hand have enabled him to make entertaining and instructive records of his journeys. His alert mind will find much of the highest interest in Turkey, and it is to be assumed that he will not hide the results of his inquiry and study.

The President will probably make few appointments which will give more general pleasure and satisfaction than that of Mr. Cox.

HENRY IRVING'S FAREWELL.

As Mr. Henry Irving has made "positively his last appearance" upon the American stage, and the dinner in New York and the invitation to lecture at Harvard College have shown the high regard in which he is held, it is fitting that the record and estimate of his performances in this country should be preserved in the exceedingly neat and tasteful little volume containing the critical articles by Mr. William Winter of the *Tribune*.

They are written with friendly enthusiasm, and that ample knowledge of the drama and of the art of acting, the catholic appreciation of every form and degree of histrionic excellence, and the felicity of phrase and style which belong to the author. The little work is a tribute of sympathy and admiration of which any artist might be proud.

There is no doubt that Mr. Irving's visits of this year and the last are not only notable events in the history of the American theatre, but that they will prove to be of very great benefit. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are, in the strictest sense, stars. But the lesson of their visit is the value of a performance so good in every part, and so complete in every detail of stage "setting" and "mounting," that the function of the stage in holding the mirror up to nature is completely fulfilled. Mr. Irving's plays are recalled not only as delineations of character but as beautiful pictures. He leaves us with a friendly regard upon our part more general than that which has ever attended any actor, and with the most cordial wishes for his continued prosperity and success.

ST. ANN'S APPEAL.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet makes an earnest appeal for money to free St. Ann's Free Church from debt. It is the church of the deaf-mutes and of many persons in moderate circumstances, and it has been barely paying its obligations; but there are yet $23,000 to raise. Naturally Mr. Gallaudet, whose name is associated with the most earnest and devoted labors for deaf-mutes, wishes to see their church released from all embarrassment—an object in which he naturally, also, desires not only the good wishes, but the good works, of the generous and comfortable.

THE APPOINTMENT CLERK.

As the appointment of Mr. Higgins has been confirmed by the Secretary of the Treasury, after the grave charges which were preferred by the Maryland Civil Service Reform Association, and the letter of Mr. Wallis stating that Mr. Baldwin had told him that Higgins had confessed that he had burned ballots to change the result of an election, and the letter of Higgins giving a good character to a notorious felon, it must be assumed that the injurious charges were satisfactorily disposed of.

It is unfortunate that the explanation has not been made public. If the allegations were mere partisan or factional calumnies, in justice to the Administration the counter statements should have been made known. Common rumor in such cases is significant and worthy of attention. There are politicians everywhere who, being charged with cheating or violence at the polls, would be held to be guilty upon their general reputations. But if in addition distinct charges were brought against them, they could not be appointed to office without a natural expectation of explanation from the appointing officer.

In the absence of such explanation every observer is compelled to draw his own conclusions.

JACOB THOMPSON.

In ordering official signs of respect to be shown to the memory of Jacob Thompson, the Secretary of the Interior seems to us to have made a serious mistake. Thompson was an agent of the Confederate government in Canada, and sought to aid its cause, not honorably in the field like Longstreet and Lamar, but by the basest methods, methods forbidden by honorable warfare—methods which honorable Confederate soldiers would have condemned, and which would have caused him to be summarily and justly hung, not as a rebel, but as a malefactor, had he been taken.

There seems to be no doubt that Thompson was engaged in a plot to introduce pestilential disease into Northern cities. Like a poisoner of wells or a dynamiter, such a man is a disgrace to the American name and to humanity. Whatever office he may have held under the government of the United States, he was surely not a man whose memory should be officially honored.

We have no sympathy, nor has any patriotic Republican sympathy, with the desperate partisan endeavor to rekindle the animosities of the war. The government in prosecuting the war did not treat the secessionists as rebels, but observed toward them all the rules and the courtesies of civilized warfare. After its victory, the government did not hang any secessionist as a rebel, nor confiscate his estate. The Republican party restored the franchise to secessionist leaders and followers upon the easiest terms, and Republican Administrations intrusted high office to secessionists, and called them into the Cabinet. If Judge Key should die, the Post-office Department would be draped in customary mourning. It is not, therefore, because he was a secessionist that Thompson's memory should not be officially honored, but because he was guilty of offenses which are outlawed as base and inhuman among honorable foes.

PERSONAL.

A beautiful memorial tablet, with medallion, in honor of the late Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and formerly of Princeton College, will soon be placed on one of the walls of the Marquand Chapel at Princeton. The medallion is an exquisite profile in high relief by Mr. Louis St. Gaudens, of this city.

—The Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime entertained a pleasant company at luncheon in the editorial rooms of the New York *Observer* on the 2d of April, in honor of his completion of forty-five years of work on that journal. Dr. Prime bids fair to run the figures up very much higher. He was presented with a series of complimentary resolutions and a gold-headed cane.

—Mr. Froude, while in Australia, has been the object of much curiosity, but to the reporters he steadfastly denied that he had come on a mission connected with the annexation question, or that he intended to write a book on Australia. "I may say something about you," he replied, "but will never take the trouble to write a book specially on you."

—In Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, *The Mikado*, the Japanese monarch resolves to try a plan whereby young men may best be steadied:

> "So he decreed, in words succinct,
> That all who flirted, leered, or winked
> (Unless connubially linked)
> Should forthwith be beheaded."

—Thoreau is said to have amused himself on one occasion by putting cloth bandages on the claws of Mrs. Hawthorne's hens, that lady having complained to him that the animals were invading the family flower patch.

—Mrs. Kendal has been playing Rosalind in *As You Like It* at the St. James's Theatre, London, and one of her critics finds that while well assured of her charms and influence, she fails to depict first love and love at first sight. "The coquetry is expressed with too obvious blandishments, the sportiveness and frankness of bearing are a little overdone, the lapses into embarrassment are touched with affectation, and suggest the lures of self-conscious beauty rather than the fluttering shame and misgiving of a young girl."

—Minister Lowell says of his successor, Mr. Phelps: "He is a gentleman of high character and marked independence. He is most agreeable in his manners, and has fine social qualities. None but a distinguished and agreeable man could have been chosen to be President of the American Bar Association. Both countries are to be congratulated on Mr. Cleveland's wisdom as shown in his selection of Mr. Phelps as my successor."

—Professor George L. Raymond, of Princeton College, has just finished a long poem of singular interest. The subject is the death of an old poet who leaves behind him a number of manuscript poems written at different epochs of his life, and descriptive of his feelings and beliefs at those epochs—boyhood, youth, manhood, and so on, so that the work is a unity in diverse metres.

—A new portrait of Queen Victoria represents her with brilliant blue eyes and a clever, thoughtful expression, standing on the highest of three steps, over which the rich folds of a black velvet dress trail to the ground. The folded hands hold a long fan and a large pocket-handkerchief. A long veil of costly lace falls from the head, and the blue ribbon of the Garter crosses the breast.

—In a letter to the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia Secretary Bayard wrote: "Those who worthily celebrate the birthday of St. Patrick will not forget that he drove out of Ireland the reptiles that creep and sting."

—The late Mrs. Morgan, widow of Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, died at her home on Fifth Avenue, in her seventy-fifth year, her disease being enlargement of the liver. She was a daughter of Henry Waterman, of Hartford, Connecticut, and an active supporter of many charitable enterprises. Her only son, Dr. Morgan, died eight years ago, and his only child, E. D. Morgan, Jun., was on a yachting trip at Hong-Kong at the time of her death. He is the sole heir of the ex-Governor's twenty millions.

—Messrs. D. W. Granberry & Co., of Nos. 20 and 22 John Street, have devoted a part of their warerooms to the exhibition and sale of the work of art amateurs for the praiseworthy purpose of enabling them to dispose of meritorious productions without being subjected to the extortionate commissions that are sometimes demanded. Mr. John Ward Stimson, instructor in the Art School of the Metropolitan Museum, and Mr. V. G. Stiepevich, member of the committee of that school, have consented to act as judges of the artistic merits of the work offered.

—Edwin Booth made his first public appearance upon the stage as Tressel, not Tyrrel, as printed in the sketch of that actor published in the Weekly of March 21.

—Mr. Alfred Parsons is winning golden opinions at home as a painter not less than as an illustrator. His recent exhibition in London was so successful that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was moved to characterize him as "the foremost landscape painter in England."

—At a reception given by President Grévy in Paris, M. Jules Ferry was heard to say to one of the guests, "Don't you think my wife is beautifully dressed this evening?" To which the guest replied: "I entirely agree with you. What astonishes me is that Madame Ferry being a blonde, a toilet of such a bright and warm tone becomes her. Most fair beauties would be effaced by it." Madame Ferry's stately beauty was very conspicuous, and audibly admired by many others besides her husband.

—When Dickens had an interview, by command, with the Queen at Buckingham Palace in 1870, her Majesty asked him his opinion on the servant question. Could he explain the fact that "we have no good servants in England, as in olden times"? The novelist expressed his inability to grapple with the subject. A thousand housekeepers in this country constantly find themselves in a similar predicament.

—Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, the English essayist and poet, finds that "the psychical quality" is, above all others, the note of American art, and that it is very apparent in Mr. Elihu Vedder's work.

—Mr. George Macdonald has been trying his hand at the true inwardness of Hamlet. He finds that the Prince of Denmark was a brave, noble, wise, pure man, beset by circumstances the most adverse conceivable, and under a sudden resolve to shroud himself in pretended madness, carried out the purpose so well that he deceived not only king, queen, and court, but the most of his critics ever since.

—Mr. Edward Harrigan, as the Major, in the play of the same name, boasts that he knows "all the highways, by-ways, and sly ways" of this city.

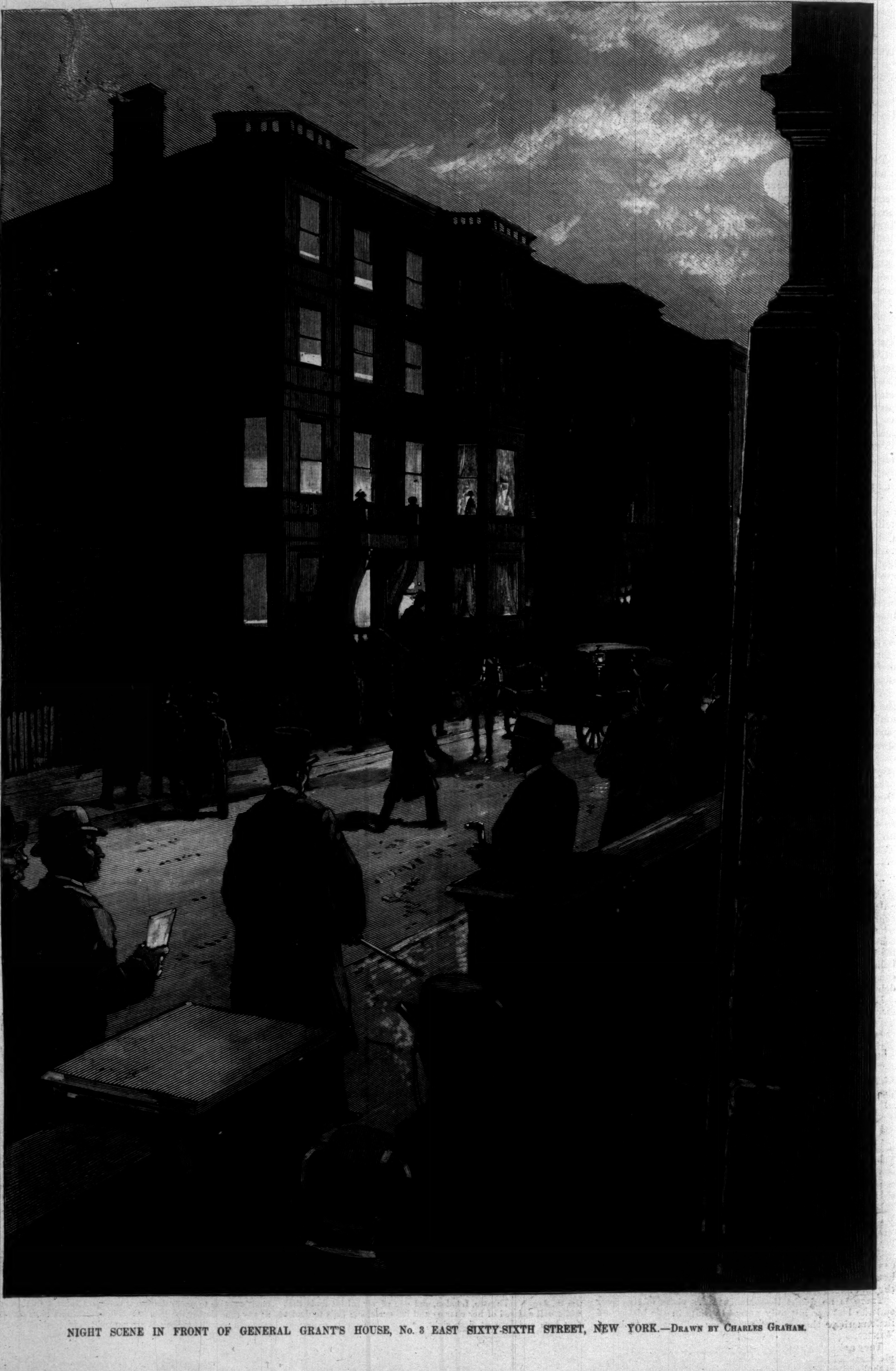
—Lady Milbanke wrote to a friend in 1814: "My daughter is engaged to marry Lord Byron, with the entire approbation of her father and myself, to which is added my brother's kindest sanction. You who, like Lord Byron, are favored by the Muses, no doubt admire him as a poet, but believe me he has, like yourself, a warm, affectionate, and liberal heart, with many qualities which promise happiness to the woman who will be his wife. His attachment to her has been constant, and is deep founded on the best basis—that of esteem."

—Not long ago a dynamite "drummer" put fifty pounds of that explosive in a cheap trunk, and checked it, at the Grand Central Depot, for some Northern mines. While the porters were conveying the trunk to a baggage-car the cover was knocked loose, and several of the cartridges rolled out on the platform. Presently he came up to look after his property, and was asked, timorously, what the cartridges were. "Oh," he replied, in an impatient tone, "don't you know what 'mining candles' are? Give me some rope, and I'll tie up this trunk." The rope was procured, the escaped cartridges were returned to their inclosure, and the "baggage" was sent safely to its destination.

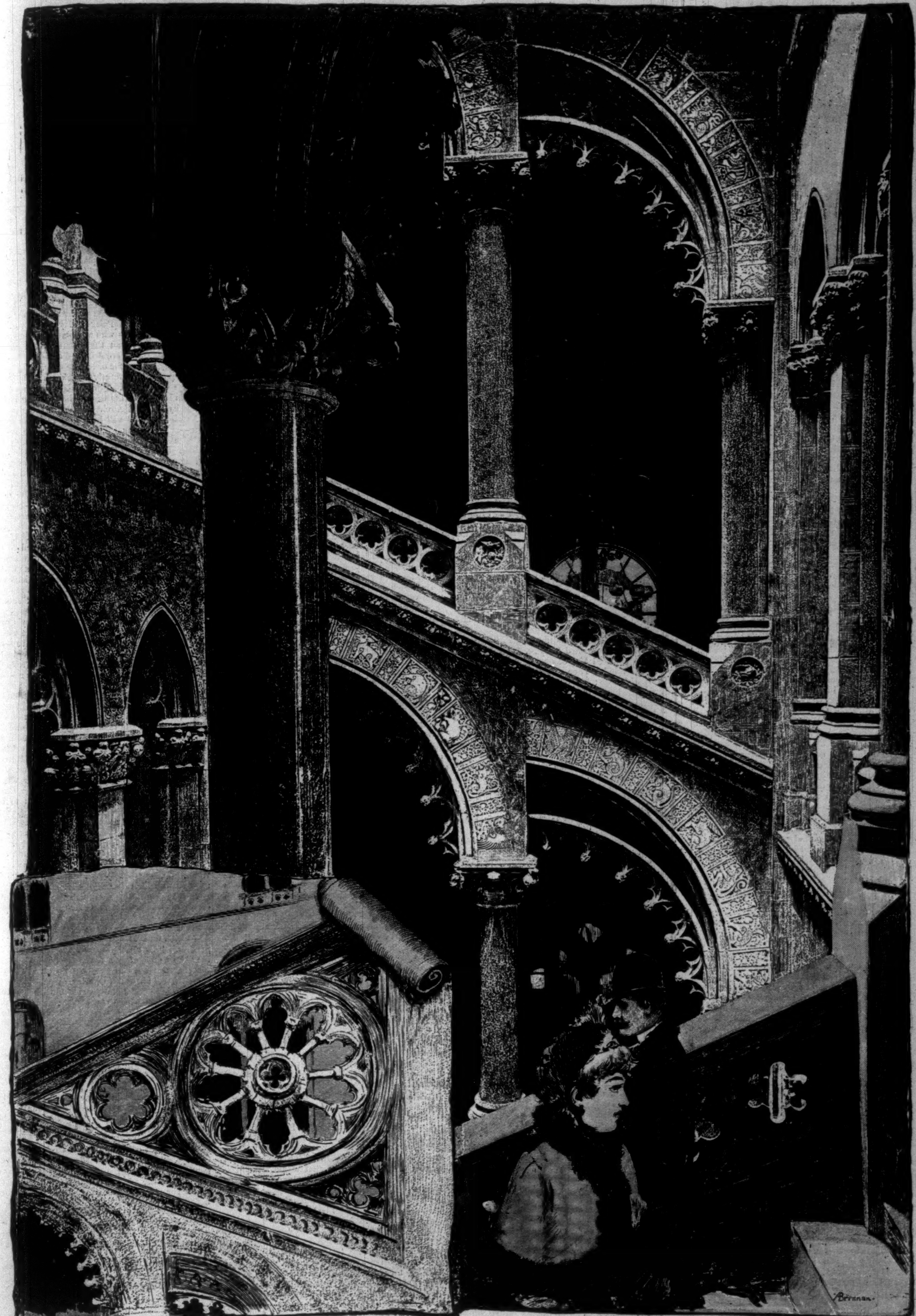
—A private letter from Florence gives some incidental information about a New-Yorker whose exploits in the Tuscan capital have outrivalled those of Jehu, the grandson of Nimshi, in the same direction: "I am sorry to say that the winter in Florence hitherto has been disagreeable in many ways, chilly, drizzling, and dark, with much fog and very few foreigners; so most of the Florentines are coughing and complaining. Your famous fellow-citizen ——, after several accidents and many remonstrances from the public, has been compelled to limit the number of horses harnessed together to one carriage to six or four, so he now drives about several carriages and four, following each other in procession."

—For many years (says Dr. Holmes) Longfellow was very constant in his attendance at the monthly dinner of the Saturday Club, where he took the chair at the head of the long table, with Agassiz for his *vis-à-vis*. He never presented a finer appearance than in this position; for, though not under-sized, he had not the procerity—to borrow Dr. Johnson's word—from which some early ancestor of his obtained his name, and he was in his right place sitting at the head of the goodly company, as Napoleon was in his when he sat in the saddle and looked along his line of battle.

—Mr. Gladstone: "When I first read in detail the *Life of Washington* I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name among the statesmen of any age or country many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. If among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the last forty-five years would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington."



NIGHT SCENE IN FRONT OF GENERAL GRANT'S HOUSE, No. 3 EAST SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.



THE SENATE STAIRCASE IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.—DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Heriot with difficulty resisted a desperate inclination to burst out laughing. He did not feel very merry; but the spectacle of a woman cast down into the depths of dejection because somebody had asserted that somebody else had asserted the unquestionable fact that she was no longer young had in it that mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous which is more apt to excite laughter than the broadest farce. Probably nothing on earth could have moved Lady St. Austell more profoundly than the publication of that horrid little anecdote. If he were to appeal to the better part of her nature—and it had a better part, though so entangled with the worse one as to be hardly separable from it—if he were to tell her that by toying with an idle fancy she might quite possibly bring misery upon others in comparison with which her own present vexation was the merest childishness, she simply wouldn't understand him. She would see neither the comic nor the tragic side of the business. In her defective mental vision the great things of life were small, and the small great. It would have seemed to her as impossible that a woman should break her heart over the unfaithfulness of a husband or lover as it would to Clare Vidal that a woman should feel all light to have gone out of the world because people had discovered that her charms were on the wane. Lovers are replaced and husbands are forgotten, Lady St. Austell might have said, but who can give us back our lost youth?

Heriot thought of all this while he listened to Lady St. Austell's eager and agonized questions. Did he believe that Mr. Vidal had really had anything to do with the insertion of that monstrous paragraph in the *Anglo-Saxon?* Did he believe that the Grand-Duchess had really made the speech reported by Lord St. Austell? Could it have been the Grand-Duchess who had said, "Il faut savoir vieillir"? or could it—dreadful thought!—have been an even more distinguished personage?

Heriot answered her and pacified her to the best of his ability. He was quite sure that Adrian had had nothing to do with the paragraph complained of, nor indeed with any words printed in the *Anglo-Saxon* save such as surmounted his own signature. "As to what the Princes and Princesses may have said, you ought to be a better judge of that than I. They are reputed to be very good-natured, however, and I doubt whether they would make 'audible remarks' about any one who was entertaining them. If you want to know what I think, I suspect that the Grand-Duchess's speech was an invention of Lord St. Austell's. Whether he is also responsible for the newspaper story, I can't say."

"He *could* not be such a malignant wretch!" cried the injured lady. But, upon further reflection, she admitted that he was malignant enough for anything, and seemed to derive a good deal of comfort from that conviction. That such horrors should have appeared in print was very sad, very painful; but it was something to be able to believe that Royal and Serene Highnesses had been as much calumniated in the matter as herself. "I think," said she, musingly, "that I will write a note to Mr. Pilkington, and tell him that he will be held personally responsible for this reckless insolence. He knows that I can make things very uncomfortable for him if he offends me."

And it may be stated here that Lady St. Austell actually did this, and that in the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon* appeared the following disclaimer: "We regret to find that a foolish (and, as we are assured, absolutely baseless) report of certain remarks said to have been made by a royal personage at the house of a lady of distinction has caused serious annoyance in more quarters than one. It must be distinctly understood that the items printed under the head of Social Scraps are what they purport to be, merely gossip: that is, current rumors, which may or may not be true. Personally, we dislike and deprecate the publication of such trivialities, which the public taste, or want of taste, appears, nevertheless, to demand.—Ed. *Anglo-Saxon.*"

But the above extraordinary editorial utterance did not, of course, see the light until nearly four weeks after the day with which we are at present concerned, and Lady St. Austell was, for the moment, less anxious to be avenged upon the *Anglo-Saxon* than to convince herself and her hearer that her husband, and he alone, was to blame for this anguish.

"This," she said, "is quite of a piece with what his conduct has always been. No sooner do I become attached to any one than he makes himself so disagreeable that I am obliged to break with that person. It was very much in this way that he began to go on about poor Johnny Spencer, and I do think it is rather needlessly cruel of him, considering that I never dream of making a fuss about his flirtations, which, as you know, are a thousand times worse than mine."

"It's abominable," answered Heriot; "but it can't be helped. So, then, you will have to drop Vidal after all, you think?"

"I would drop anybody or anything rather than be so persecuted; but perhaps I shall not be driven to it. I hope I may not, for I feel sure that the poor young man finds some consolation in my society, and, as I was saying before this sickening interruption took place, he really is very nice."

"I think you had much better drop him," said Heriot.

"But why? You are a friend of his, and you always say that you are a friend of mine too; why should you grudge us any few stray hours of happiness that we can manage to secure in this disappointing world?"

"Well," answered Heriot, "I will tell you why. Firstly, because these stray hours would give no happiness worth speaking of to you, and probably none whatever to him. Secondly, because they would certainly cause unhappiness to Mrs. Vidal, who is also a friend of mine, and who has some slight claim to be considered. I don't say that it isn't very foolish of her to be jealous of you: in my opinion, it is. But the fact remains that she is inclined to be so; and therefore I want you to make a little sacrifice for once, and spare her annoyance."

"She ought not to be encouraged to be so selfish," returned Lady St. Austell, pouting.

Heriot was too displeased to be amused. "Selfish!" he exclaimed; and, pray, what are you? Did it ever occur to you, I wonder, that there is anything shameful or contemptible in the kind of life that you lead? To such a woman as Mrs. Vidal you may be sure that it would seem almost inconceivably so. To get through the time somehow, to flirt as long as flirting remains possible, to use a coronet on your note-paper to be gaped at by inferior mortals, and to tremble at the frown of a German Grand-Duchess—what noble ambitions! what an ideal existence! I don't know whether you believe in Christianity—most likely you think nothing about the matter—but I suspect that, if you were driven into a corner, you would hardly have the courage to call yourself an infidel. Your cynicism is only skin-deep, like your loves, or platonic affections, or whatever you may be pleased to call them. You have never looked things deliberately in the face, as Lord St. Austell has, and said to yourself that you will eat and drink, for to-morrow you die. If you were told that you would literally have to die to-morrow, you would be frightened out of your wits—you know you would. You would send off post-haste for the parson, and see whether something couldn't be done with bell, book, and candle. Well, now, let me advise you, as a friend, to do a good action or two while you can, so as to have something in hand when that day comes. And while I am being so candid, allow me to ask you one more question. Have you any lurking idea that you can get Adrian Vidal to fall in love with you? If you have, disabuse your mind of it. He is in love with his wife; and if he were not, he would be no more likely to become enamored of you than I am. Try to believe that, for it is the truth; and then, perhaps, you may find it a little more easy to set Mrs. Vidal an example of unselfishness."

This diatribe, which was not at all in Heriot's usual style, so astonished Lady St. Austell that at first she suspected him of having suddenly gone out of his mind. Then she thought she would quarrel with him; but her indomitable good-nature got the better of this impulse, and she ended by laughing a little nervously.

"After that," said she, "I think I had better retire to my bedroom and reflect upon my sins. I am sorry to be obliged to send you away, but it is getting rather late, and I am dining out to-night."

Heriot had no objection to being sent away. He did not want to weaken the effect of his outburst by further speech; and, as he withdrew, he flattered himself that he had at least made some impression upon her ladyship. Had he spoken with less heat, he might have chosen his words more carefully, and thus avoided producing an impression which was hardly calculated to further the end he had in view. A few hours later only two assertions out of his harangue remained in Lady St. Austell's memory—namely, that in Mrs. Vidal's eyes she was shameful and contemptible, and that it was out of her power to make Mr. Vidal fall in love with her. That being so, it was scarcely surprising that the dislike which she already felt for Mrs. Vidal should have been intensified, or that she should have determined to show that Mr. Vidal could be made to fall in love with her quite as easily as other people had been.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PODDLY JOKE.

It is a long lane that has no turning. The first of August came at last, as all days come, some slowly, some quickly, some bringing good things and some evil, according to the beneficent law of compensation which makes the world go round. Thus, what caused joy to Clare Vidal was matter for regret to others, and a sorrowful man was Mr. De Wynt when the day approached on which the house in Alexandra Gardens was to be closed to him for some months to come. He dined with his friends on the last evening, and played a succession of such mournful little dirges after dinner that Clare's heart was moved with pity, and she crossed over to the piano to try and comfort him.

"So it's all over, Mrs. Vidal," he said.

"Oh no, it isn't," answered Clare; "we are only going away for a short holiday, all of us. I suppose you are going too?"

"Yes; I shall have to go and stay with an uncle of mine, who says he means to leave me all his property, and who takes his equivalent out of me beforehand by making me trudge over acres of arable land with him every day. I don't call that much of a holiday, you know. And I shall be back in London again long before you are."

"We shall be back in the beginning of the winter," said Clare. "And perhaps," she added, "we may induce Georgina to come and stay with us again then."

"Yes, if she hasn't started for Greenland's icy mountains or Afric's coral strand by that time," observed De Wynt, ruefully.

"You must prevent her from doing that," said Clare.

"Oh, I can't, you know. What little influence I have with Miss Vidal is due simply to my careful self-effacement. If I were to assert myself she would knock me down and jump upon me at once—so to speak."

"If you allow yourself to be jumped upon, jumped upon you will be," observed Clare. "You ought not to allow it. Shall I let you into a secret? If you want to increase your influence with Georgina, you had better treat her with a little less deference. Don't you know that men are born to command and women to obey?"

The little man put his head on one side and considered this. "Well," he said at length, "I shouldn't wonder if you were right. But, seriously, Miss Vidal is so much my superior that I can't quite imagine myself ordering her about."

"Mr. De Wynt," said Georgina, coming up at this moment, "you are to be at the Great Western Terminus at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, please, to say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Vidal; and after that you can drive with me to the Brighton station and take my ticket for me."

This, at all events, was an order to which no objection could be made, and it struck Clare as a hopeful sign that Georgina, who was so very well able to take care of herself, should think it necessary to secure an escort from Paddington to Victoria.

But in truth her thoughts were, at this time, not quite so much at the service of her neighbors as usual, and it must be owned that as soon as she found herself seated in the railway carriage, opposite Adrian, and speeding westward as fast as an express train could carry her, she straightway forgot those whom she was leaving. Indeed, she asked for nothing better than to forget. To forget London, and the butcher, and the baker, and the terribly cook—yes, and to forget other troubles than these, if only that were feasible. Her heart grew lighter with every league that was placed between her and the hated metropolis. The panacea which had suggested itself to Adrian suggested itself also to her, and it seemed to her that when once they were at Cardrew again, all would be well. Almost before she had realized that they were really off at last, they had left Swindon behind them, and were tearing away again toward Bath and Bristol. Then, as the day wore on, came Exeter; then, after some slackening of speed, Plymouth, where speed ceased altogether, and the familiar jog-trot of the dear old Cornwall railway began.

Meanwhile Adrian, who had been reading the papers a little and sleeping a good deal, had been furtively watching his wife's face in the intervals of slumber, and had in some measure read her thoughts. He, too, longed to forgive and forget; he, too, was not sorry to have bidden farewell to London for a season, and cherished hopes of happier days to come. So that here were two people eager to kiss and be friends, and the only question was which of them should speak the first word.

That neither of them did speak it was owing to the melancholy circumstance that neither of them felt disposed toward unconditional surrender. Each firmly believed the other to be in the wrong; and, though ready to forgive, could not conscientiously ask to be forgiven. And as there was no open quarrel between them, there could be no sudden peace-making; nor, as it turned out, any gradual one either.

The first few days at Cardrew were entirely delightful ones for Clare. The clamorous welcome of the boys, her mother's excited garrulity, Mr. Irvine's placid contentment, and all the old home sights and sounds from which she had been separated for so long were sufficient to satisfy her soul for that length of time. But then she began to feel the difference that a year had made in her life. There were no more long walks with Adrian now; neither he nor she would have dreamed of proposing such a thing; instead of devising stratagems to escape the company of her brothers, she found herself striving to accomplish just the contrary result; there was a difficulty in getting through the hours which was quite new to her, and gradually her spirits sank to almost as low a level as they had reached in London. Indeed, a sense of disappointment, of something being wanting, extended to the whole party—even to Mrs. Irvine, who said she was afraid she must be growing old.

"Not that I haven't plenty of activity left in me yet; but I don't enjoy hurrying about as I used, and I suppose we must look upon that as a symptom. What will happen to Polruth when I die is more than I can imagine! One is bound to believe that the world will manage to get on somehow after one's death, just as it did before one was born; but I can't help thinking that for a time everything will be at sixes and sevens. There are those wicked Pentire lads, for instance, who will persist in going about robbing hen-roosts. They would have been in a reformatory long ago if it hadn't been for me; and though you may say that that would have been a good thing for the community, it wouldn't have been at all a good thing for their poor mother. And that is only one case out of many. Without vanity, I do think I shall be missed."

Such sad forebodings were not of a nature to dispel the gloom which had fallen upon the household, and the arrival of Heriot did not greatly improve matters. Mrs. Irvine confided to him that she felt uneasy about her daughter, and asked him whether he did not think her looking ill and miserable; but he only replied that, though Clare did indeed seem to be a little out of sorts, it was best to take no notice of these vague maladies, for which rest and fresh air were the best cures. To him there was nothing vague in the nature of Clare's malady; but it was certainly one which notice was more likely to increase than to diminish, and he accordingly endeavored to remain unconscious of it; in which effort, as a matter of course, he failed, as signally as Clare and Adrian did in their attempts to behave as though they were upon friendly terms.

"In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love which yet it fain would show."

Mrs. Irvine, who was not a particularly keen observer, and had, besides, a happy faculty of ignoring what she did not wish to see, perceived nothing more than that her daughter was not in the best of health; but Heriot, as the young people knew, was less easily hoodwinked; hence the intercourse of these three, which had formerly been so pleasant, became a trifle strained and painful. However, they kept up appearances, avoided perilous allusions to by-gone days, went on excursions together, which all of them found rather long, and made frequent use of the boat, now commanded by Charley, in the absence of the more experienced Bob.

That strange perversity which leads us all to pride ourselves upon our proficiency in what we are most ignorant of caused Charley to fancy that he knew something about sailing, even as it had once deluded his brother into taking charge of a dog-cart freighted with valuable lives, and his eagerness to push a cruise somewhat beyond the well-known limits of Polruth Bay was not to be withstood by persons who were beginning to persuade themselves that they really didn't much care whether they were drowned or not. So one day Charley got out the ordnance map, and pointed out upon it a diminutive creek, which he said could be easily reached in two hours with a fair wind, and which is known by the amazing name of Poddly Joke. Searchers after the picturesque in North Cornwall will be aware that the term Joke—or Choke, as some prefer to write it—is not of uncommon occurrence in those parts, as applied to an inlet of the sea (the derivation of Poddly awaits an interpreter), and admirers of Mr. Brett's pictures will be familiar with the coloring which renders such places remarkable. Poddly Joke, seen at low water on a fine day, has an attraction for the artistic eye—beyond that bestowed upon it by white sands, dark blue sea, and a background of green hills—in the curious bloom which overspreads its rocks, and which, on closer inspection, is discovered to be caused by an incrustation of myriads of mussels; and as this phenomenon (at least so far as Charley Irvine and the present humble chronicler are aware) is peculiar to the Cornish coast, it seemed only right that a stranger like Mr. Vidal should be made acquainted with it.

Adrian offered no objection to Charley's proposal; but perhaps neither he nor his wife would have consented so readily could they have foreseen that at the last moment Heriot would be prevented by a slight attack of illness from accompanying them. Between four people conversation can always be kept up; but when there are only three in a boat, and when the attention of one of them is concentrated wholly upon navigation, the remaining two may under certain circumstances find the task of entertaining one another a little difficult. Yet there are conditions which seem to make silence natural, and as Clare and Adrian were wafted out of Polruth Harbor by a light northeasterly breeze, they felt that there was nothing oppressive in the drowsy taciturnity which fell upon them. The weather, Charley averred, was precisely what it ought to be. The glass, it was true, had gone back a little during the night, and away to the southwestward the haze had a somewhat dark appearance, as though clouds might be massing up behind it; but the change, if there was going to be one, would certainly not come for another two tides, and the wind, supposing that it held, would serve them almost as well for returning as for going.

In the mean time it was fortunate that all three occupants of the boat happened to be good sailors, for there was a long swell running, which increased after they had rounded Polruth Head, and which ended by giving Adrian matter for reflection. "How are you going to land us, Charley?" he asked, after a time.

"Oh, we shall run the boat up on the beach somewhere," answered Charley, airily.

"But, my good fellow, you can't beach a boat just when and where you please; and with this swell you might easily run her into a surf that would convert her into match-wood in precious quick time. Which way does the place with the sweet-sounding name face?"

"How on earth should I know? I've only been there once in my life, and it didn't occur to me to take its bearings at the time. West by south, or something near that, I should say."

"And the sea is at present running from the southwest, as perhaps you haven't noticed. I don't pretend to your nautical knowledge, but that looks to me very much as if the wind meant backing before long."

"Oh, well, if we can't land, we can't," answered Charley. "I dare say you'll be able to get a very good idea of the place without going on shore; and as for the wind backing, that 'll be all the better for us. We shall only have to run home before it."

"Yes—if we don't get too much of it. Do you know, Charley, I think we might as well give this up for to-day. The sea is rising every minute, and there's a look about the sky that I don't altogether like."

"Why, what do you think is going to happen?" asked the other, contemptuously.

"I think it's going to blow, that's all."

"And if it does? Little do you know the sea-going qualities of the *Midget!* I'd undertake to sail her from Polruth to St. Ives in half a gale of wind."

"I have no doubt you would undertake a great many insane things with a light heart; but it don't follow that I wish my funeral to be undertaken just yet. I vote for getting about without loss of time."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1468.

"Bosh!" growled Charley, who had that fine belief in himself which distinguished the Irvine brotherhood, and who did not much care about being dictated to by Londoners. "What do *you* vote for, Clare?"

Clare had not paid much heed to the discussion. She was sitting with her back toward the disputants, her elbow resting on the gunwale, and her cheek on her hand. She started and turned round on being addressed. "Oh, I don't care," she answered. "Do as you think best. Perhaps we had better go on now that we have come so far."

"Clare doesn't know anything about it," cried Adrian, impatiently.

"Come to that, I'm not sure that you know a great deal about it yourself," retorted Charley.

For a moment Adrian was half inclined to quarrel with the boy, whose tone was disagreeably aggressive; but he reflected that, after all, the boat was not his, and he disliked rows. So, with something of a laugh, he said, "Take your own way, then; only don't blame me if three corpses are laid out on the shining sands to-morrow morning."

"I'll promise not to say a word if I'm one of 'em," answered Charley, his good-humor returning with the submission of his opponent. "It's all right, my dear chap. I ought to know something about this coast, seeing that I was born and bred here, and I've never drowned anybody yet."

"Never had the chance, perhaps," muttered Adrian; but he said no more, not liking to appear overtimorous; and at this moment the sun, which had become gradually obscured by a thin veil of mist, suddenly burst forth, as if to show that there was no ground for his apprehensions.

For a considerable time nobody spoke. Charley was whistling softly, and every now and then relinquishing the tiller to raise his hands as though he were holding a gun and take an imaginary shot at a gull overhead; Clare, who had brought a book with her, had opened it and was pretending to read; while Adrian, with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown back, was trying to hit upon something terse and original to say about M. Zola and his school in the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon*. He was not very successful, for the slow motion, the silence, and the salt-laden atmosphere were less adapted to stimulate the brain than to induce that pleasant vacuity of mind which commonly precedes slumber, and his thoughts wandered idly away in all directions until he ceased attempting to control them. But off Towan Head the breeze fell light, and then died away altogether, the sail flapping and cracking as the little boat rolled heavily in the ever-increasing swell.

"This is very disagreeable," remarked Clare, rousing herself and shutting up her book. "Are we likely to be becalmed much longer, do you think?"

"I don't think we are," answered her husband, with an upward glance.

The sun had vanished again by this time; the sky had changed from silvery gray to a dull leaden hue, and overhead detached streamers of scud were sailing up from the southwest. Even as Adrian spoke a sudden puff of wind caught them and swept past, making a dark shadow upon the water, and bringing with it a few drops of rain.

"Just catch hold of those brails, Adrian, will you?" said Charley, "and haul on them when I tell you. Clare, you might as well take the sheet, if you don't mind. No, not like that; don't let it slip through your fingers."

But, indeed, it was no such easy matter for a lady to retain command over the sheet, which was tugging against her like a live thing; for now the wind had overtaken them in good earnest, and the *Midget* was tearing through the water at a speed which soon made it necessary to shorten sail. The sea was covered with white-caps, and what with the spray and the stinging rain our three mariners, who had omitted to provide themselves with mackintoshes, were wet through in five minutes. Adrian glanced at Clare, who looked a little startled, but did not seem to be frightened, and then at Charley, whose face expressed considerable uneasiness. The latter nudged him presently, and, pointing to a stretch of sand dimly visible through the rain and mist, called out, "Poddly Joke!—do you see?"

"I see Poddly, if that's its name," growled Adrian; "but hang me if I can see the joke! What the devil are you going to do, man?" he asked, seeing that Charley had relieved Clare of the sheet, and was now steering straight for the shore.

"Beach her," replied the other, laconically.

"You *can't*, you lunatic!"

"Must," answered Charley, in a low voice; "it's our only chance. We couldn't live in such a sea as there'll be in another hour. As it is, I think we shall just manage it, because the surf can't be really very bad yet; but we shall get a ducking, of course. Don't make a row, there's a good chap; I don't want to frighten Clare. You must look after her. You know what to do, and I've seen you swim."

Adrian was a good swimmer, certainly; but it seemed doubtful whether that accomplishment would stand him in much stead now. He moved forward a little and looked toward the shore, which they were rapidly approaching, and where he could make out the figures of three men, who were waving their arms and apparently shouting directions. Neither their voices nor their gesticulations, however, were intelligible, and if they had been, it would probably have been too late to profit by them. When Adrian heard the thunder of the breakers, and saw the long stretch of white foam ahead, his heart stood still. But there was no use in talking about it. He hooked his arm firmly into Clare's and led her to the extremity of the bows.

"Listen, Clare," he said; "the moment you feel the boat touch you must jump—don't fall if you can help it—and run for your life. I shall keep tight hold of you. Do you understand?"

She nodded; and Adrian noted with a slight glow of pride that she neither trembled nor wasted her breath in needless words. If they were to be drowned, it would be no fault of hers, at all events.

They were in the broken water now; the bewildering whiteness of the surf was all round them; the boat was lifted high, and Adrian stiffened his muscles for a spring. But by bad steering they missed the crest of the wave which should have carried them on; it raced past them; the boat seemed to halt and stagger; and Adrian, knowing what must come, shouted, "Now, Clare!" and jumped over.

At the same instant he was knocked clean off his legs, and with a roar of waters in his ears and a confused sense of being swept into eternity, darkness closed in upon him.

When he came to himself, he was sitting upon the sand, surrounded by a little group, one member of which caught him by the arm as he tried to stand and staggered dizzily. "You'm a bit mazed yet, sir," said this stalwart individual. "'Twur the mast as knocked you silly; but 'tis only a bit of a bruise, and the young lady she've got no hurt."

"It's all right, Adrian," chimed in Charley, whose dripping figure now came to the front. "That last wave snapped the mast, and I suppose it must have caught you on the back of the head as it fell. Clare and I were rolled up, none the worse, except that we had all the breath knocked out of us."

"What has become of the boat?" asked Adrian, still a little uncertain as to where he was and what had happened.

"Oh, the boat has gone to glory; and I'm bound to say that I rather think we should have followed her if it hadn't been for our good friends here."

"Seemeth as us was sent down providential," remarked the first speaker. "If you'd ha' done as we telled 'ee, sir, and bore away under the land yonder, we might ha' saved the boat; but 'tis sinful to complain when no lives is lost."

This was quite the view taken by the late occupants of the *Midget*, who were soon able to walk to a neighboring farm-house, where a change of clothing was found for them. Clare was a good deal bruised and shaken; but she did not think it worth while to mention this in answer to Adrian's inquiries, and assured him that a wetting was no new experience to her. He attributed her gravity and her brief replies to the natural effect of the shock which she had received, not knowing what a terrible moment she had passed through when she had seen her husband stretched, apparently lifeless, upon the shore.

She and he were left alone together before long, for Charley had set off to Newquay to procure a conveyance; and as they sat in the little parlor of the farm-house, before the fire which had been kindled for them, it seemed as if now or never must be the time for them to compose their differences. Yet neither of them spoke for five minutes or so, and when Adrian at last opened his lips it was only to observe:

"That was a near thing, Clare."

"Oh yes!" she answered, catching her breath. And then, with a sort of sob, "I thought you were dead!"

"Did you? And I let you go, after all. What should I have done if you had been drowned and I had been washed up alive? I'll tell you what; I'm going to give those three fellows ten pounds apiece. The price of a magazine article—h'm! Well, perhaps we ought to double it; but I'm a poor man. What do you think? Are we worth more than fifteen pounds each?"

"I don't know," answered Clare, looking at the fire; "I don't think I'm worth much." She rose and crossed to her husband's chair, saying, timidly, "Adrian, were you much hurt?" She passed her hand over the back of his head, where indeed there was a very respectable bump. "Oh, you poor boy!" she exclaimed; "it must pain you dreadfully! May I bathe it?"

Adrian burst out laughing, with tears in his eyes, and caught her by both hands. "*May* you? No, you may not, because it doesn't want bathing. Oh, Clare! don't you think we are a couple of fools?"

Clare dropped upon her knees beside him, and buried her face on his shoulder. "I have been so miserable!" she murmured, brokenly. "I want to make friends again. Will you?"

It is to be supposed that Adrian's answer must have been of a satisfactory nature; for when Charley returned, full of apologies for having been absent such an unconscionable time, he was assured, in the face of patent facts, by those whom he had kept waiting, that he had not been away an hour.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW FOREIGN MINISTERS.

Anthony M. Keiley, the new Minister to Italy, is a Virginian, and was chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of that State in 1881. He is a leading member of the Funder party, and has been Mayor of the city of Richmond. The Democratic Congressmen from Virginia unanimously urged his nomination, and many other gentlemen exerted themselves to secure it.

Edward Parke Custis Lewis, the new Minister to Portugal, is a native of Virginia and a descendant of the celebrated **Custis** family. He was an officer in the Confederate army, and an elector on the latest National Democratic ticket. He is a resident of Hoboken, New Jersey, a son-in-law of the late Commodore **Stevens**, a member of the Democratic State Committee, and a gentleman of culture and wealth.

Rasmus B. Anderson, the new Minister to Denmark, is an American scholar whose translations of Scandinavian authors, and whose critical disquisitions on the Norse mythology and literature, have made his name known to scholars everywhere. He is a professor at Madison, Wisconsin, and has long been a personal friend of Postmaster-General **Vilas**. The principal attraction of the appointment to Professor **Anderson** is the fact that Copenhagen is the seat of a famous university, of art galleries, and of other facilities for extending one's knowledge of the best that is thought and known.

Isaac Bell, Jun., the new Minister Resident to the Netherlands, is the son of **Isaac Bell**, of the Board of Education of New York city, and the brother-in-law of **James Gordon Bennett**, of the *Herald*. He withdrew from the business of cotton brokerage in 1877, and has a handsome villa at Newport, Rhode Island, where his position in society has long been influential. He was recently the Democratic candidate for the United States Senatorship, and was very active in the late Presidential campaign. Mr. **Bell** is about forty years old.

THE TROUBLES AT THE ISTHMUS.

One day last week the Brooklyn Navy-Yard was aroused from a long slumber. A message from Secretary **Whitney** ordered the dispatch of a body of marines to Aspinwall, on the Isthmus of Panama, where a force of rebels against the United States of Colombia had forcibly seized a quantity of arms from the Pacific Mail Steam-ship *Colon*, an American vessel, and arrested several of the officers of the ship and others, including the United States Consul, Mr. **Wright**, and a lieutenant of the United States man-of-war *Galena*, then lying in the harbor, who was a guest on board the *Colon* at dinner. The prisoners were liberated at the end of a few hours, but the rebels kept the arms that they had seized, as well as a large quantity of ammunition which had been purchased of New York dealers by the Central American governments north of Colombia, and now engaged in the war recently begun by President **Barrios**, of Guatemala. On the day following the seizure, the insurgents, who were led by a man named **Prestan**, were forced to quit Aspinwall by the Colombian government troops under Colonel **Ulloa**. Before they left they set fire to the town, and it was reduced to ashes.

The town of Aspinwall, also called Colon, sprang up at the opening of the railroad which crosses the Isthmus of Panama. It is at the end of the railroad on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, the town of Panama marking the other terminus. It contained about 10,000 inhabitants. Most of these are natives, but there is a considerable foreign population—French, English, American, and German. The French are constructing the Panama Canal, and they also control the railroad, which was built, however, by an American company. The town was not clean and not attractive. The houses were mostly of wood. It contained several hotels, among them one that advertised accommodations for six hundred guests.

The American interests and property in Aspinwall are of course considerable. The Pacific Mail dock and buildings, the railroad property, the shipping, and several of the houses of better construction escaped the fire. Commander **Kane**, of the *Galena*, in announcing the destruction of the town, telegraphed to Secretary **Whitney** that all his force was on shore protecting property. His ship, he said, was crowded with refugees, and thousands were destitute and without shelter.

The United States, in a treaty with New Granada, now one of the Colombian states, in 1848, guaranteed to protect the traffic across the isthmus. On hearing of the seizure of the arms on the *Colon*, Secretary **Whitney** telegraphed to Commander **Kane**: "You were ordered to Aspinwall to protect American interests, and the lives and property of American citizens. All that is implied in these words is expected to be done by you, to the extent of the force under your command." It is reported by those who know Commander **Kane** that he is a gallant and competent young officer, and that he has undoubtedly done all that he was warranted in doing in the circumstances. In addition to the marines sent from Brooklyn, who were conveyed to Aspinwall by the Pacific Mail steamer the *City of Para*, Secretary **Whitney** ordered four war vessels, the *Tennessee*, the *Yantic*, the *Alliance*, and the *Swatara*, to proceed thither. Five hundred marines altogether were ordered to set out from New York. Lieutenant-Colonel **Heywood**, commandant of the marines at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, was put in command. Of the war vessels ordered to Aspinwall the *Tennessee*, with Admiral **Jouett**, was lying at New Orleans.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

HEALTHY BUILDING PLACES.—SOILS.

More building has been done in the United States within the last half-century, and more, doubtless, will be done within the next, than in any other country of Christendom. Our architects have the rebuilding of a continent before them. Sooner or later some of our present dwellings will be replaced by more solid, durable, and beautiful structures; and the resources which our builders have at their hand for this work of reconstruction, the knowledge, the materials, and the material wealth which they can command, make their architectural opportunity perhaps the finest one that ever existed.

But before the architect or the builder sets to work there are several questions about the building place to be asked and answered. Is the neighboring region healthy? Are the site and the exposure good? What are the prevailing winds and the rain-fall? What is the elevation of the place, and what the nature of the soil upon which the house is to stand? I will give a summary of the leading points on all these questions, beginning with the last one mentioned.

Soils.—These are pervious or impervious to water, and consequently dry and warm or moist and cold. Of the first sort are sandy, chalky, or gravelly soils; through these the water passes readily, and they are generally healthy as building places. But it is not enough that the surface of the ground be gravel, sand, or chalk, to insure the dryness of the soil. It often happens that beneath such a surface a stratum of clay is present; and this subsoil, if it have no free water-shed, will retain the rain-water that percolates down to it just as it would be retained in a surface pond. In this secret reservoir the water will rise until it reaches the foundations of the house. A dwelling thus situated will of course be unhealthy; while one that stands upon a really pervious soil will be free from the danger of rheumatic and lung diseases, and especially from consumption, the scourge of damp regions in the temperate zone. Dr. Bowditch has shown that in New England this disease prevails in the direct ratio of the dampness of the building sites, and is lessened wherever the soil is drained. In one English town the rate of death from consumption was lessened fifty per cent. by lowering the water-level in the soil beneath the houses. Drainage makes a soil warmer as well as drier; because the lower the water in the soil, the less the evaporation; and each cubic foot of water evaporated lowers the temperature of about three millions of cubic feet of air one degree Fahrenheit. A permanently low water-level (say fifteen feet) may be termed healthy; a permanently high level (less than five feet) may be termed unhealthy; a fluctuating water-level is very unhealthy, especially when the fluctuations are rapid; and the unhealthiness mainly shows itself when the level of the ground water falls. (Douglas Galton.)

The capacity of soils to hold water is very various. Solid granite or marble will retain about a pint per cubic yard; sand, about seventeen per cent. of its own weight when dry, or forty to fifty gallons per cubic yard; clays, from thirty to forty per cent. of their own weight when dry. Various surface soils will absorb from nine to one hundred per cent. of their own weight in water; and this is given off, more or less slowly, both by draining and by evaporation. Dr. Parkes gives the following table of soils in the order of their comparative dryness, and consequently, other things being equal, of their healthfulness for building sites:

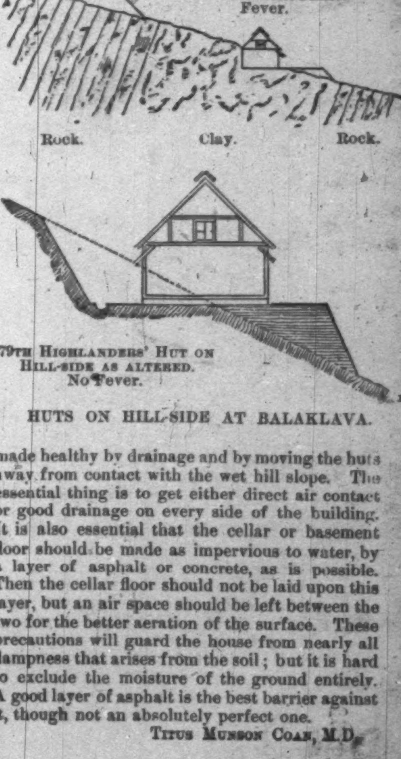
(1.) Primitive rocks, clay, slate, millstone grit.
(2.) Gravel and loose sands, *with permeable subsoils.*
(3.) Sandstones.
(4.) Limestones.
(5.) Sands, *with impermeable subsoils.*
(6.) Clays, marls, alluvial soils.
(7.) Marshes when not peaty.

Sands are much the warmer, clays the colder soils, and the difference makes itself felt both in the comfort and the health of the house-dweller.

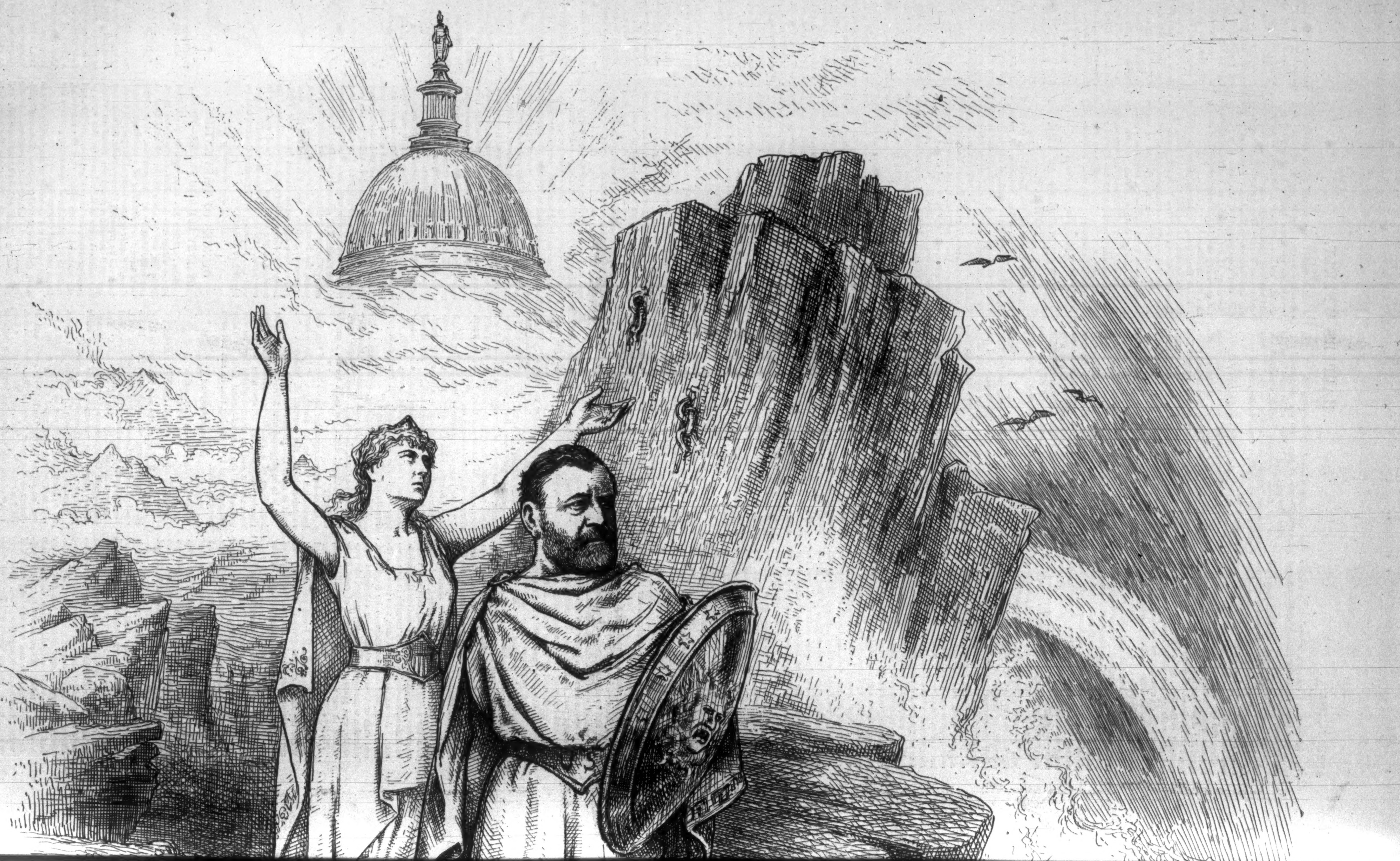
But it is comparatively few of us that can choose our building site at will. Great part of the sites for building are clay and alluvial soils. How shall our houses be protected from their dampness?

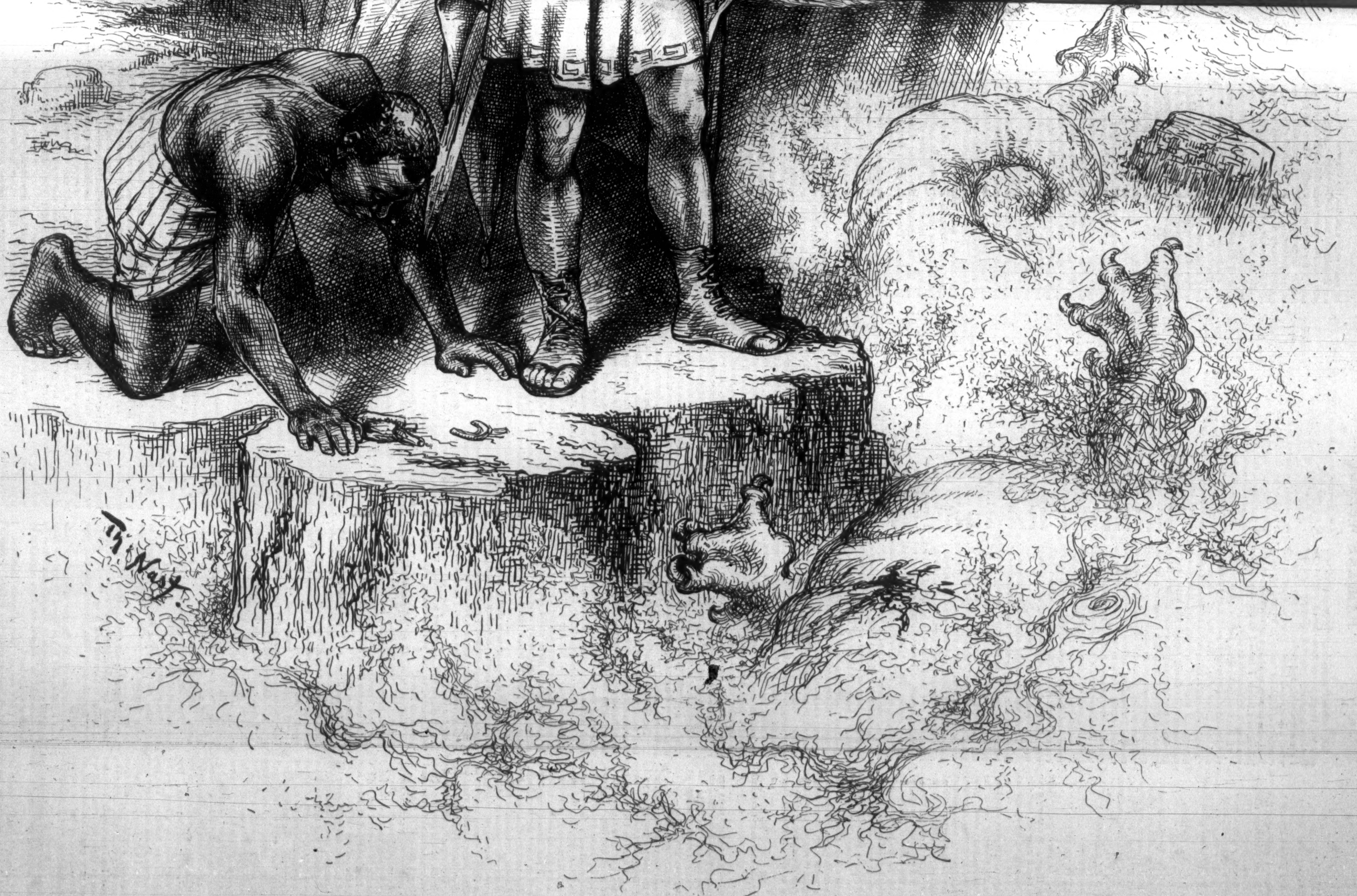
On whatever soil, when the builder's means allow it, a deep open area should always be dug around a house, and carried below the level of the basement floor; the earth should never be allowed to rest against the walls of the basements. What is called a "damp course" of glazed stoneware or asphalt, built into the wall just above the ground, is a considerable protection, and on a clay soil the additional precaution should be taken of thorough drainings around the building. The accompanying diagram (from Douglas Galton) will show how a fatally unhealthy camp was made healthy by drainage and by moving the huts away from contact with the wet hill slope. The essential thing is to get either direct air contact or good drainage on every side of the building. It is also essential that the cellar or basement floor should be made as impervious to water, by a layer of asphalt or concrete, as is possible. Then the cellar floor should not be laid upon this layer, but an air space should be left between the two for the better aeration of the surface. These precautions will guard the house from nearly all dampness that arises from the soil; but it is hard to exclude the moisture of the ground entirely. A good layer of asphalt is the best barrier against it, though not an absolutely perfect one.

Titus Munson Coan, M.D.



HUTS ON HILL-SIDE AT BALAKLAVA.





OUR ULYSSES.

APRIL 9, 1865—A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN DEED.

SONNET.

TO WILKIE COLLINS.

(*Written on a stormy day of January*, 1885.)

Now, by my faith, it seems a grewsome day
Whereon to wish for thee all fortunate things,
O genius of such weird imaginings!
Nay, 'tis not so. This dismal winter's gray
Is lightened by thy mind's enchanted sway,
Brightly victorious, like a fairy king's:
The charmed Hours fly, for thou hast given them wings,
To bear our spell-bound fancies far away.
O master of lithe labyrinths of art,
Of plots' and counterplots' far-wandering maze,
For this our wonder greets thee, and our praise;
But since through all thine art-work and above
We feel the throbbings of thy great, warm heart,
Wonder and praise are blent with reverent love.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

"COPSE HILL," NEAR AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

"You must have been in some pretty tight places at different times, Roger. We know what you got the cross for, but I suppose that the chances were often very nearly as heavy against you."

The man who made this remark was seated opposite his friend before the cheerful fire in the smoking-room of a London military club. Both had the bronzed faces and prematurely grizzled hair which betoken long sojourns under almost tropical skies. The one who had been addressed as "Roger" was slightly the elder, and upon his broad chest bore the tiny scrap of ribbon that indicated that the wearer had won that most prized of English decorations, the Victoria Cross. He did not reply for a minute or two to his companion's words. Apparently they had called up many reminiscences, few of which were agreeable, but at last a smile lighted up his features, and he said:

"Yes, old boy; I've very often thought my life wasn't going to last a second longer; but the most awkward moment I ever put in wasn't in the field."

"No? Then I presume it was when you were besieged in the Residency during the Mutiny?"

"It wasn't in action at all. It was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No. That is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought I was."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I don't mind. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt any one now. Still, you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones, and you must promise not to try to find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, settling himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no canal in those days, and the pleasantest way of going home then—and I don't know that it isn't now—was by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the *Winchester*, of Greene's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some mess dinners in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalided officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being specially charming. The captain, whose name was, we'll say, John Smith, looked like one of the regular navy. He wore a uniform and sword, and was very severe of aspect and stiff in bearing. I found out afterward that he was a regular martinet, and the half-dozen midshipmen and the minor officers stood in considerable awe of him. On my being introduced, he favored me with a formal grasp of the hand, and jerked out a few words about having heard of me before.

"We did not begin to drop down the river till the day was fairly advanced, and I had scarcely got my traps in order when it was time to dress for dinner. In those days the captain would have been insulted if his passengers did not turn out in full evening toggery. We soldiers were seated at table in accordance with our rank, and as I had only just got my company, I was pretty well down toward the foot, or purser's end. This I did not at first feel inclined to regret, as the prospect appeared that we should be a little more free and easy than were the fogies up at the top. But when I had got fairly settled into my place, I looked toward the captain, and immediately began to deplore my insignificance. Seated on his right was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her eyes were—well, it's no use my giving you an auctioneer's catalogue of her charms. You just picture your ideal, and she would come very near it. All I knew was that I was completely knocked over. I am sure my neighbors must have thought I was either surly or stupid, for I never addressed them, and I was scarcely conscious what replies I made to their remarks. All my attention was given to a silent watching of my new divinity, and I frantically envied the captain and a bluff old colonel who were privileged to sit beside her.

"As soon as dinner was over I got hold of my friend Watson, and inquired the name of the young lady.

"'She's a Miss Latimer,' he said; 'came out with us this voyage, I suppose only for her health, since she's going right back. Understand she's an orphan, and got some money. Dresses well, at least. Shall I introduce you?'

"Of course I jumped at the offer, and very soon the magic words were spoken which privileged me to speak to my idol. You see even now I get enthusiastic and romantic in my language when I talk about her, so you can imagine the condition of hopeless 'smite' in which I was then. Well, she proved to be just as charming as she looked, and before I turned in for the night I was deeply, desperately in love.

"I don't suppose there is any place in the world so favorable for love-making as a comfortable passenger ship. Not one of these new 'ocean greyhounds' that rush at break-neck speed through all kinds of weather, and land you at your destination almost before you have time to know any one aboard, but a fine clipper vessel, whose only propelling power is nature's breath, and to the passengers on which every change of weather or shift of wind is of vast import and interest. These afford endless themes for talk, and mutual interest seems to draw people closer together. Miss Latimer had quite an affection for the *Winchester*, which had brought her safely from England, and was then bearing her back. She and the captain appeared to be on excellent terms, and she was often invited to walk on the captain's own side of the quarter-deck—a pathway which we were supposed not to venture to tread without a special summons.

"There was something about Miss Latimer—Rose was her name—which was irresistibly attractive to me. I do not know exactly how to describe it, except as a curious compound of girlish innocence and womanly frankness. One would never dream of flirting with her, and I fancy few people would have ventured on any direct love-making without a speedy accompaniment of a humble entreaty for her hand. She was awfully kind to me: used always to be afraid that I'd overexert myself, and was constantly making me tell her stories of my experiences. I am afraid that sometimes I a little overdid the Othello business, but she never seemed to mind.

"Day after day slipped away in an ecstasy of happiness tempered with occasional qualms of doubt. I hesitated to put my fate to the test, for if by any chance she should refuse me—and despite my belief that my affection was returned, such an event was barely possible—it would be very unpleasant to meet her every day for at least two months. Again, if she accepted me, I should be so anxious to be married that I couldn't bear to think of waiting till we got to England. There is no need for me to say that I was very young: you can see that from my state of mind. Well, finally I made a confidant of Watson. He cut the Gordian knot at once. 'Ask the lady,' he said, 'and if she consents, get the captain to marry you as soon as she's agreeable.'

"'But is that legal?' I inquired.

"'Perfectly. It will be duly entered in the ship's log just the same as a birth. The captain is *ex officio* clergyman, magistrate, registrar, and sometimes doctor.'

"The idea was splendid, and I gave Watson my best thanks. I should have at once proceeded to act on his advice, but it occurred to me that it might be as well to sound the captain, and see if he would be willing to perform the ceremony. You see, I wanted to have everything sure before I put my fate to the test. I waited through one day for a favorable opportunity to speak to the captain on deck, but he never invited me to share his walk. So the next morning I sent a message by his boy, asking if he could spare me a few minutes. The boy speedily returned with a request that I would follow him to the captain's cabin.

"I found the great man sitting at his table looking over a chart. Somehow or other he appeared to me to be unusually formidable.

"'Good-morning, Captain Hamilton,' he said, as he waved me to take a seat. 'Can I do anything for you?'

"'Well, captain, it's rather a delicate matter, but I wanted to ask you something about your powers on board.'

"'They are absolute, sir,' he answered, a little sternly. 'Why do you ask? Do you want some one put in irons for insulting you?'

"'Not exactly, captain. The fetters that I would like you to use are of a different kind—the matrimonial ones.'

"'The devil you say!' he exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and his face lighting up with a sailor's quick sympathy for a love affair. 'So you have lost your heart to one of my passengers? Pray which is it?'

"'Well, captain,' I answered, 'I know I can trust you not to let this go any further at present. It is Miss Latimer.'

"I didn't quite like the look that came over his face. Is it possible, I thought, that this old sea-dog is a little bit gone in that quarter himself?

"He gave me plenty of time to think before he made any verbal comment on my announcement. His first words were,

"'Pray, sir, have you spoken to the lady on the subject of your hopes?'

"'Not yet, captain.'

"'Has she given you any encouragement to think that the love you say you feel is returned by her?'

"'No, captain; but she has been very kind to me, and has talked to me a great deal, and seemed to like to have me talk to her.'

"'And on these faint grounds you base your hopes?'

"I didn't at all like the tone in which he made that remark, and I was about to reply a little haughtily. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and he stopped me from speaking by holding up his hand.

"'Don't say any more, Captain Hamilton. I ought to have stopped you before. I couldn't possibly marry you to the lady.'

"'Why not, Captain Smith?' I asked, rather warmly.

"'Because, sir, I couldn't very well marry you to *my own wife*.'

"'What?' I almost shrieked.

"'My wife,' he answered, firmly. 'I am sorry you should be placed in so unpleasant a position. It is partly my fault, but much more that of your own youth and rashness. You are an officer and a gentleman, and will respect the secret I am obliged to confide to you?'

"I felt so utterly crushed that I was scarcely sensible of where I was. Certainly I did not fully understand all he was saying, but I managed to retain sense enough to bow my head in sign of assent.

"'I was married,' said the captain, 'when I was last home, to Miss Latimer, who was left an orphan under unusually sad circumstances and surroundings. She dreaded to be left in England alone. The owners of this line do not allow their captains to have their wives with them even as passengers. We therefore decided to keep our marriage secret, and my wife booked as a passenger under her maiden name. Not a soul on board except yourself knows the truth. I trust to you to keep it sacred, for I don't want to retire yet for a voyage or two.'

"I am sure I don't know how I got from his cabin to my own, but once in the latter, I bolted the door, and never came out till the next morning. I can't tell if the captain ever confided to his wife what took place in his cabin, but I sometimes fancied I could see in her face, when her eyes fell on me, an expression of mingled pity and amusement that I never noticed there before. One thing I was sure of, however, and that was that when I became more familiar with her I did not think her quite so pretty as I did at first.

"When the *Winchester* touched at St. Helena I arranged with Captain Smith that I should go ashore there, and wait for the next vessel of Greene's line. We made ill health and the need of land air the excuse.

"That time in the captain's cabin was the most awkward moment I ever knew. I suppose I am the only fellow who ever asked a man to marry him to his own wife. At any rate, if there is another, he has my sympathy."

JULIAN MAGNUS.

THE NEW CONSULS-GENERAL.

FREDERICK RAINE, the new Consul-General at Berlin, is the editor and proprietor of the *German Correspondent* of Baltimore. He came to this country from Prussia when seventeen years old, stirred by the ambition to establish for the Germans a daily paper of their own, and in 1844 he realized the fruition of his hopes. He was appointed Colonel on the staff of Governor SWANN in 1867, was one of the electors-at-large on the GREELEY ticket in 1872, and a district elector on the TILDEN ticket in 1876. He has since made a tour of Europe, and written many letters of important public interest as the result of his observations. Colonel RAINE was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago last year, where he did his utmost to secure the nomination of Mr. BAYARD to the Presidency. His appointment as Consul-General at Berlin was asked for by prominent Germans all over the country, and by the leading merchants and bankers of Baltimore.

THOMAS MCDONALD WALLER, the new Consul-General to London, is an adopted son of ROBERT K. WALLER, of New London, Connecticut. Forty years ago he was a newsboy in New York city, and later had shipped as a cabin-boy on a vessel bound for California. His strong personal qualities attracted the attention of Mr. WALLER, who gave him a home and a start in life as a student at the high school and in a lawyer's office. He mastered his profession and entered politics. He has been Secretary of State of Connecticut, Speaker of the Lower House, Mayor of New London, and Governor of Connecticut, and were he to be in this country he would probably succeed Senator JOSEPH R. HAWLEY at Washington. He is a man of indomitable pluck, of great political sagacity, and of many and warm friendships.

THE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT NEW ORLEANS.

To obtain any general idea of the grand American exhibit in the Government Building, the reader must imagine a vast museum illustrating not only the history of our civilization, but the history of the North American continent from the obscure age of the Mound-builders and the Cliff-dwellers. Prehistoric races are represented by the relics of their Age of Stone, by fragments of their flinty implements of war and the chase, and by marvellous models of the various structures whereof they are commonly supposed to have been the artificers.

If the curious observer desire to familiarize himself with the forms of those monstrous mammals against which primitive man was compelled to battle for existence, he need only ascend the broad gallery to find himself in presence of the whole range of paleontological restorations and reconstructions. There he may see the skeletons of those fossil creatures compared with which the bones of the largest modern elephant seem frail as reeds; the tremendous mastodon; the mammoth, restored, with every shaggy and imposing detail; the megatherium, giant of sloths, whose frame-work, with its pillars and arches and buttresses of bone, seems less like a fabric of osseous tissue than a grotesque anticipation of Gothic architecture; the glyptodon, cuirassed with impenetrable plate-armor by nature's hand; and many other extinct creatures, rivalling in strangeness of shape the most fantastic creations of the mediæval *ymagiers*. If anxious to learn how the hunters and warriors of the Stone Age attached their arrow-heads, lance-points, knife-blades, or axe-heads of obsidian, syenite, porphyry, or jasper to wooden shafts or handles, he need only examine the weapons of the modern Esquimaux and far Northern aborigines, who still preserve among them the peculiar industrial arts of the quaternary epoch. These are exhibited in large glass cases, together with ancient Indian pottery, necklaces of bears' claws or of bone, harpoons tipped with ivory from the tusks of sea-monsters, pipes of strange design, whose bowls are weird-faced heads or bodies of crawling, snarling things. If he would know something of ancient Indian cities, let him examine the admirable models of the old cliff-town on the Rio de Chelly, Arizona (scale, 1 inch to 72 feet), a battlemented structure reared within the crevice of a precipice; or the models of cliff-fortresses on Beaver Creek, Arizona, and of the ruins in the cañon of the Rio Mancos, Colorado, as well as of the more modern pueblos of Taos, Tegua, Tewa, and Sechomori, in New Mexico, and that portion of Arizona which formed the antique province of Tusayan.

Life-size figures of Indians, belonging to those modern city-building tribes which preserve much more than a vague tradition of the older civilization of the red race, are also here—a warrior and his wife squatting in high glass cabinets. One of those heads with its immense malar bones, narrow brow shadowed by mane-like hair, beaked nose, and long eyes steady and glittering as a serpent's, owns a sinister impassiveness that almost makes the gazer uncomfortable. But the American aborigines are not represented solely by models. One may visit an Indian family in the same aisle, and observe kindred facial characteristics enhanced by the animation of mutual converse. There also is the wigwam of buffalo-hide, covered with Indian picture-writing in unmixed colors upon the silver gray skin: a yellow sun disk with blue rays about it, and buffaloes fleeing from hunters. The figures of the men are less well executed than those of the animals in motion. The artist seldom finishes a limb creditably, but there is a good suggestion of the lumbering gallop of the buffalo and the spirited action of the horse. What is really most interesting about this picture-writing is the knowledge which it exhibits of the law of artistic color contrasts.

Archæology, geology, ethnology, form in this imposing exhibition only so many introductory chapters to the vast pictorial history of the United States—of the evolution of modern civilization in North America—contained in the Government Building. A ground plan of the exhibit would show the display spaces of all our States and Territories in one prodigious but systematical cluster, like the galaxy of stars upon the American banner. It would be a work of months to examine the details of the whole; but even during a hasty stroll along the alleys between the kiosks and pyramids and railed platforms the eye catches glimpses of wonderful or curious things which can not be forgotten: antiquities of colonial days or of the war of Independence; figures of famous pioneers; constructions in likeness of houses or of monuments, made of cereals or of minerals; model dwellings of logs representing the homes of the earliest settlers in the wilderness of the West. Here a shining yellow obelisk springing from a great argentine plinth tells you in black letters that between the years of 1859 and 1885 the gold yield of Gilpin County, California, was forty-five millions, and the silver yield two hundred and thirteen millions of dollars. There Dakota exhibits her wealth of furs, the riches of her mines, the varieties of her game; while, hard by, the States of the great wheat belt and of the lumber regions call attention to the opulence of their natural resources. Cities that grew up within a night display the power of civilization to make desolation blossom. And territories but freshly invaded by the iron cavalry of steam traffic loudly proclaim their future greatness.

And not only can you, by the inspection of these displays, obtain an almost thorough knowledge of everything produced, by nature or by industry, in every part of the United States, but you may also learn the general aspect of each particular region from the superb landscape photographs specially prepared for the Exposition. The entire history of American inventions—the evolution of the steam-engine in its thousand forms, of the steam threshers and diggers and reapers, of the cyclopean gnomes that mould iron like wax, of the machines that sew, weld, stamp, dovetail, shear, bevel, turn, weigh, weave, spin, saw, veneer—may be fully studied from the models of the United States Patent-office. If you have ever had any romantic desire to make a voyage to the north pole, one visit to the Greely Exhibit, about twenty paces off, will dissipate your illusions and excite your sympathies. If you want to know how the government makes its money, turn to your right, and you will have the pleasure of examining (through plate-glass) bank-notes of denominations ranging from $50 to $100,000; or if you are interested in military matters, by turning down another alley you can see breech-loading cannon and revolving guns of the most improved pattern, together with models of railroad ambulance wagons, steamboat hospitals, and sanitary asylums. Or, if weary of gazing at the enormous, you can amuse yourself with the Infinitely Small by inspecting the microscopical preparations of Pasteur and Koch in the United States medical department. When you have provoked a headache by injudicious efforts to see everything at once, you can seek the fresh air under the oaks, and wait patiently for sundown, when you may enjoy the spectacle of forty miles of electric wire bursting simultaneously into flame.

This spectacle is particularly impressive within the Music Hall. After the powerful machines have been rumbling for about five minutes, the white lamps suddenly shine out in long file, like a multiplication of moons. But the hall is still dark. Straining your eyes upward into the gloom of the ceiling, you discern at last something like a faint pink pattern-work, a vast and rose-colored efflorescence shaping itself through a thousand feet of darkness. Gradually the rose-color deepens to the tone of dying coals; it warms into ruby tones; it brightens, like a dawn, from vermilion to fierce orange, and from orange to a blinding yellow; and all at once innumerable tassels and clusters and circles of tiny lamps bud out of the ceiling like flowers of fire. Never did the might of machinery seem to me so awful as when I first watched that enormous incandescence; and after having left the buildings and their myriad lights far behind, I found myself still dreaming of that future cycle of centuries wherein the world's labors shall be performed by automatons, and the great duels of nations shall be fought with lightning.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

FRANZ ABT.

THE composer of "When the swallows homeward fly," who died last week, was born in 1819. He was intended for the ministry, but, as commonly happens with people to whom music is a passion, he gave up for it the vocation chosen for him. He became, in 1841, musical conductor at a theatre in Zurich, and in 1852 took a similar position at Brunswick. He was a prolific composer of melodious songs, his compositions numbering 400 and over. "When the swallows" is the most popular of all, but others, such as "Good-Night," are equally tuneful. ABT visited this country in 1872 at the invitation of several singing societies, and appeared at one of the "monster musical festivals" in Boston.

THE SENATE STAIRCASE AT ALBANY.

WHEN the Assembly staircase in the Capitol at Albany was opened to the public in 1876, it impressed those who saw it as the most monumental work of the kind in this country. But in all the qualities which made it impressive it is surpassed by the Senate staircase, which is the work of the same architect, Mr. LEOPOLD EIDLITZ, and which is not yet entirely complete in its decorative detail, though it has been visible and in use since the beginning of the present session of the Legislature.

The new staircase has advantages over the older in situation and in dimensions, being in a well corresponding in the south wing of the building to that which contains the Assembly staircase in the north, but considerably larger, being about fifty feet square by one hundred and twenty in total height. It is better lighted also, the whole inclosure being covered by a skylight, and some side light being gained from a single window in each story of the western wall of the staircase, which faces the spacious central court. In material the new staircase has also an advantage, the Assembly staircase being of the olive Nova Scotia sandstone, while the structure of this is of red Scotch stone, with columns of polished red granite.

The new staircase is far more elaborately ornate than the old, but its structural basis is even simpler. The stairs are confined to two opposite sides of the well, landings occupying the other two sides, at the levels of the floors on one side, and midway between these levels on the other. Each flight thus rises half a story. The inner sides of the stairs and platforms are carried upon walls, pierced in each flight with two half-arches, conforming to the slope of the stairs, and at each landing with three pointed arches. The substitution of two half-arches, with a column between, for a range of arches, stilted on one side in order to gain a line of continuous ascent, is as agreeable as it is novel, and indicates a construction devised for its purpose instead of being distorted to another purpose than that for which it was devised, although the resulting form is in general that of a mediæval flying-buttress. The lateral pressure of this structure is expressed by a sloping buttress projected from the opposite face of the pier below, and the termination of this buttress at the bottom of the upper flight of stairs is crowned by a grotesque heraldic beast, modelled and carved with great spirit.

There are three of these flying-buttresses above each other on one side and two on the other, the first flight of steps resting on a solid wall. The piers at the corners of the inner well are connected with the outer walls by pointed arches, upon which the platforms rest. The under surfaces of these platforms are horizontal, but above the uppermost landing the ceiling is vaulted. The necessity for abutting this vault has given rise to one of the most effective features of the work. Upon one side the thrust of the vault is resisted by the flying-buttress which carries the upper flight of stairs, but upon the other the stairs have ceased a half-story below and on the opposite side of the well. From this point a bar of stone stretches to the point at which the vault requires abutment, forming an acute angle with the balustrade of the stairway. The bar is supported and the interval filled by an elaborate piece of tracery, which at the wider end becomes a wheel of masonry nine feet in diameter.

This simple structure is developed and accentuated in a system of profuse decoration. The most novel and striking if not the most beautiful feature of this decoration is the series of grotesque animal forms incised in shallow arabesques on both the outer and inner faces of the half-arches, each voussoir bearing a complete figure. These grotesques, some seventy in number, are arranged in an ascending series, from the lower to the higher forms of life, of such animals as can be most effectively conventionalized. The voussoirs between these grotesques, the voussoirs of the arches at the landings, and the faces of the piers that carry these arches are decorated, each stone by itself, with floral arabesques, the grace of which is in effective contrast with the grotesqueness of the animal forms. The half-arches, the arches at the landings, and the arches turned at the angles between the outer and the inner walls of the well are richly cusped, and the points of the cusps are decorated with grotesque heads. The union of Gothic structure with Saracenic decoration, which is noteworthy in others of Mr. EIDLITZ's works, as in the temple Emanu-El in Fifth Avenue, and notably in the Assembly-chamber in Albany, is a striking characteristic of his latest work.

Interesting and impressive as the staircase is in itself, it owes very much of its impressiveness to the treatment of its inclosing walls. These communicate with the adjoining rooms and corridors through some forty openings, which relieve the staircase altogether of the impression of being built in a box, and afford the visitor a surprising variety of glimpses and vistas into, out from, and across the stairways themselves.

AN ELECTRIC SPY.

ROBERT HEWITT, Jun., and Charles C. Clarke, formerly chief engineer with the Edison Electric Lighting Company, have invented several ingenious instruments which keep their owners informed of certain occurrences at distant points. The appliances act in some cases as spies and informers upon negligent employés, and as they do not possess any sense of delicacy, except from a strictly electrical point of view, they can act honestly and successfully in a capacity in which an honest, sensitive person would hardly care to work. These instruments are constructed on a system which is called telemetry, and are utilized more especially for indicating and recording at distant points temperature, steam pressure, and heights of water. The necessity for such instruments, designated, according to their respective uses, telethermometers, telemanometers, telehydrobarometers, first struck Mr. Hewitt. Being interested in an artificial cooling process, he had frequent necessity to visit cold storage-rooms and vaults, and thus experienced the inconvenience of emerging from extremes of cold into ordinary temperature. In consequence the idea occurred to him that if some instrument could be devised which would indicate the temperature of the cold room or vault at a distant point—say in the manager's or superintendent's office, and thus save him the necessity of visiting the cold apartment—it would prove extremely useful in refrigeration and other industries. Mr. Hewitt carried the idea to Mr. Clarke, who originated the subtle electrical appliances necessary to its success. The first result was the telethermometer, which, as a representative of the whole system of telemetry, may be briefly described as follows: It consists of a receiver located at the point the temperature of which is desired to be known, and an indicator and recorder stationed at a point any distance—an inch or a thousand miles—from the receiver. Both apparatuses are connected by wires. The receiver consists of a metallic thermometer, in which the expansion and contraction of two metals cause a hand to move over a graduated dial. To this thermometer is attached a very sensitive, delicate electrical apparatus, to describe which in detail would necessitate the use of many technical terms. Enough that the thermometer acts on the electrical apparatus. As the hand moves to and fro over the dial-plate of the receiver with the expansion or contraction of the metals, certain magnets are vitalized in series, and cause the hand on the indicator to move with absolute unison and precision with the hand on the transmitting thermometer. The indicator thus always shows the temperature at the point where the receiver is placed. Further, a simple mechanical device attached to the indicator unwinds a roll of paper upon which the transmitted temperature is constantly recorded by a pencil; and there are, besides, two alarm hands on the indicating dial, which, if placed at the extremes above or below which the temperature should not be allowed to rise or fall, will sound an alarm whenever touched by the dial hand.

It is easy to see how these instruments can be utilized as spies and tell-tales to inform a manager or superintendent of the negligence of employés in any business in which temperature is of consideration. Thus, if a wholesale fish-monger hears the alarm sound on the indicator in his office in Fulton Market, he knows that some careless employé has left open the doors of his ice-chambers wherein he keeps his choice fish, and that the warm air has access to them. The incorruptible detectives can inform superintendents of cold storage warehouses if the temperature in their vaults is being kept judiciously low, without his being obliged to trouble himself with continually visiting the vaults, and running the risks of contracting the troubles which result from passing frequently from a warm into a cold temperature, and *vice versa*. A very pretty agricultural use has been made of the telethermometer. At one of our leading agricultural stations it is employed to indicate and record the temperature of the ground. It was formerly necessary to make such observations directly on the spot, which in winter occasioned much inconvenience. Now the students bury telethermometers in the earth, and the variations of temperature are conveyed over the wires to the indicator and recorder in the observation-rooms. It has also been suggested that these instruments can be advantageously applied in the detection of fire before it breaks out. They can be placed in various parts of a dry-goods house, or among the bales and barrels of a ship's cargo, and any rise above the normal temperature at or near the points where the instruments are located will be shown on the indicators at a central place of observation. A telethermometer is in use in the contagion ward of one of our large up-town hospitals. The indicator is in the consulting-room, eight hundred feet away. There the physician in charge can constantly keep himself informed of the temperature of the ward, which has to be kept at a certain point. The alarm warns him of a dangerous rise or fall.

The passengers of the ocean greyhound *Alaska* may soon have opportunity to study the practical workings of the telethermometer. Ever since the *Arizona* bumped on an iceberg, without causing any perturbation to the berg, but damaging herself considerably, navigators in the North Atlantic have been on the lookout for some practical means of detecting the proximity of icebergs. The increasing coldness of the water is an indication, but the constant immersing of a thermometer is obviously impracticable. When, however, Captain Murray, of the *Alaska*, saw a telethermometer, he recognized its utility in recording the temperature of the water. On board a steamer it can be so applied that the transmitting thermometer will be placed in the induction pipe, through which the sea-water for the use of the vessel constantly passes, while the indicator, on the bridge or in the captain's room, will indicate the temperature of the water. It is thus these instruments nose icebergs. People interested in the subject can see in the Washington Building, in this city, a telehydrobarometer in use for indicating the height of the water in the tanks which supply the hydraulic elevators, and a telemanometer which indicates the pressure of the steam in the engine-room.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

To one of the German beer saloons in Third Avenue there comes every day, rain or shine, a very old man. He reaches the place at about one o'clock in the afternoon. He travels in the horse-car something over two miles to get there, and has to go so far again in order to get home. An attendant always accompanies him. He sees the old man into the place, deposits him at a table, and goes away. The bar-tender takes to the old man sometimes a glass of plain whiskey, and sometimes a whiskey sour. The old fellow carries the liquor to his mouth without a tremor, but the instant the glass touches his lips his hand begins to shake, and for a minute or more it seems a toss-up whether the drink will be swallowed or spilled. It is invariably swallowed, however. As soon as it is finished, the bar-tender hands to the old man a fifteen-cent cigar, and politely lights it for him. The cigar is burned with great rapidity, veiling the aged consumer in clouds of smoke. A second glass of whiskey goes with the cigar. At the end of an hour the attendant re-appears and leads the old man away. The old man has visited the saloon every day without a break for six years. Until two years ago he was in the habit of drinking four glasses of whiskey at each visit. He is ninety-three years of age.

To the question whether Chicago can supply the armies in Tonquin, the Soudan, and Afghanistan with canned food, the canners in that town reply, "Of course we can; there's nothing we can not, except ice-cream, apple-pie, and a few other perishable matters of that sort."

In response to a young woman who exclaims, "It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—oh—everything!" the Yale *Courant* makes a Senior respond, "It is."

The Vassar College *Miscellany* narrates simply, and without either jubilation or scorn, the facts in regard to the mistake which was made in the college at the time of the late national election. It was supposed at first that Blaine was elected, and the Democratic young women entertained the Republican young women as a penitential act for being in the minority. When the real facts regarding the election were established, and the "previousness" of the penitential entertainment became known, the Republican young women of Vassar did the proper thing, and another entertainment was given by those from whom it was due. The Blaine young women walked, without protest, under an ox yoke which was suspended over the door to the supper-room, and protested that they were rather glad than otherwise at a second opportunity for unlimited scalloped oysters. "Lively conversation and good cheer prevailed," says the *Miscellany*, "and the celebration of President Cleveland's inauguration was ended by the singing of 'America' by all present."

A Western newspaper says that the mysterious origin of some fires is probably explained by the circumstance that a young woman who was using a carpet-sweeper recently noticed smoke arising from it. She had swept up a match, which the revolving brush had ignited, and it had set fire to the dust in the machine. The fact that persons who trundle sweeping-machines are generally awake and competent to notice things when they are engaged in the operation would seem to be a sufficient safeguard against a disastrous fire from the cause specified. What a merciful dispensation it is, by-the-way, that more widely scattered things, such as good intentions and hair-pins, are not to be touched off like matches! Everything would have a hole burned in it.

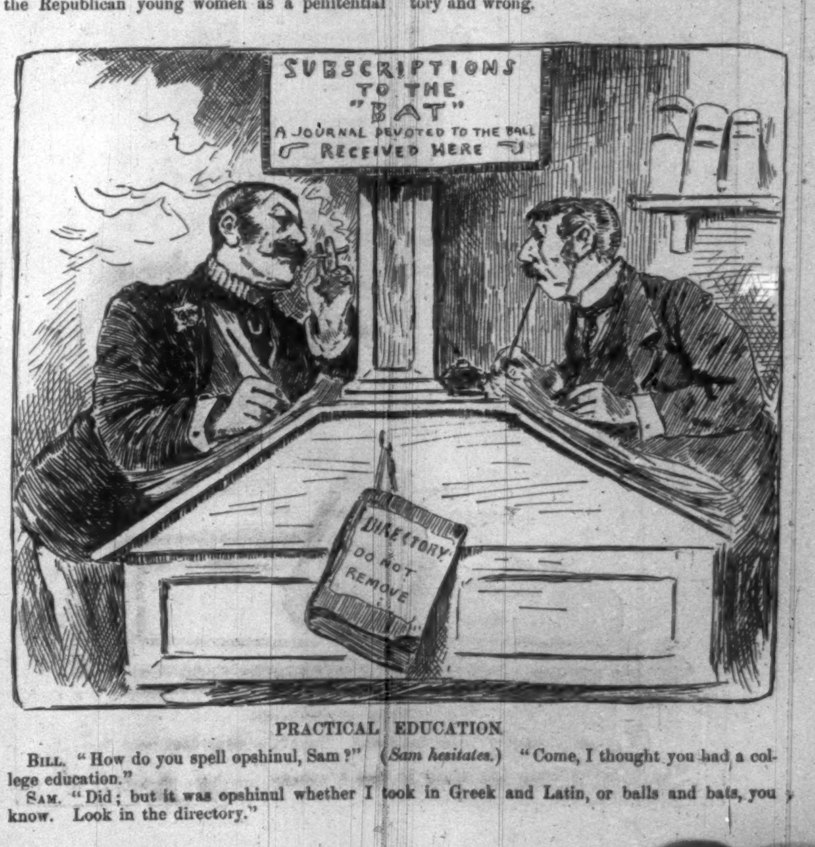
It is hardly a remarkable fact that the father of twenty-one children is in prison in Manchester, New Hampshire, for debt.

The Yale *Courant* and the Amherst *Student* are engaged in a controversy as to the proper contents of a college paper. The *Courant* intimates that there is a lack of "literature" in the *Student*, and the *Student* retorts that ideas of "literature" vary, and that, in its opinion, the news of the colleges is more interesting than their fancy. For our part, we are glad to testify that both these papers are interesting.

Harvard has 1568 students; Columbia, 1458; Oberlin, 1458; University of Michigan, 1171; Yale, 1086; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 579; Cornell, 539; Princeton, 505; Dartmouth, 402; University of Vermont, 346; Amherst, 334; Lehigh, 307; Johns Hopkins, 273; Williams, 258; Brown, 248.

A college paper says that the average annual expenses of a student at Harvard are $800; Amherst, $500; Columbia, $800; Princeton, $500; Yale, $800; and Williams, $500.

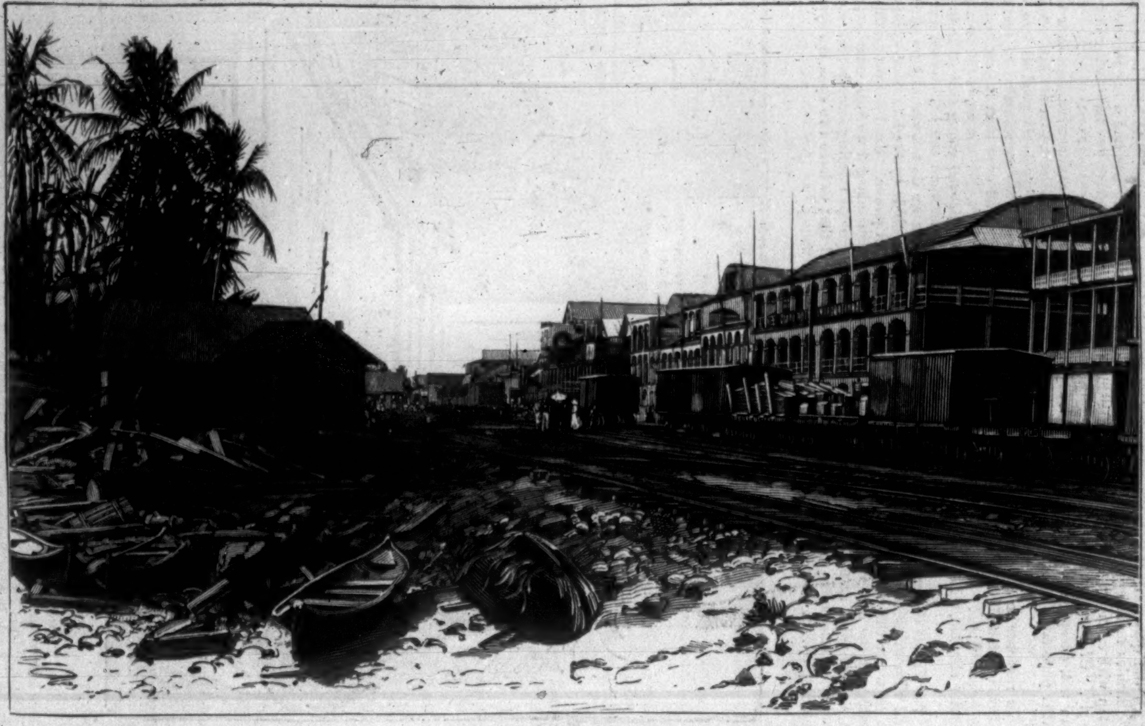
A correspondent, influenced by a paragraph which appeared in this column regarding a young man in Indiana who is accustomed to sleep with both eyes wide open, writes that in the neighborhood of Goresville, Virginia, there is a man who shuts one eye, and never more than one, during his hours of slumber. At least in all the years in which America has had a say there has been something interesting and fascinating in the idea of a man who has always one eye open. The singular Virginian has this advantage over the singular citizen of Indiana, that he does nothing unnecessary. One eye is as good as two, except where an accurate determination of perspective is necessary; and even then it may be made as good by practice. Of course, in the ordinary estimate, the both-eyed young man of Indiana will be rated higher than the half-optical person of Virginia; but we do not see why he should be, if we are to abide by the idea of the desirability of contained power. Until our present information has been enlarged we shall consider that to have one eye open during sleep is sufficiently uncanny, and that to have two open is supererogatory and wrong.



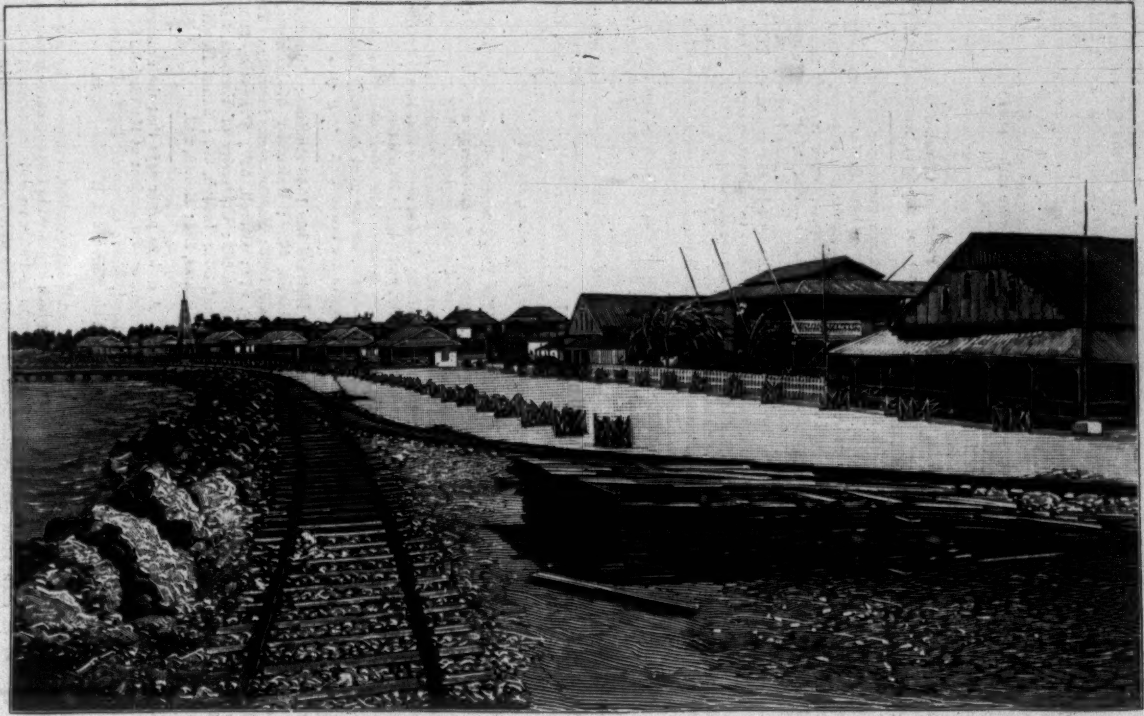
PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

BILL. "How do you spell opshinul, Sam?" (*Sam hesitates.*) "Come, I thought you had a college education."

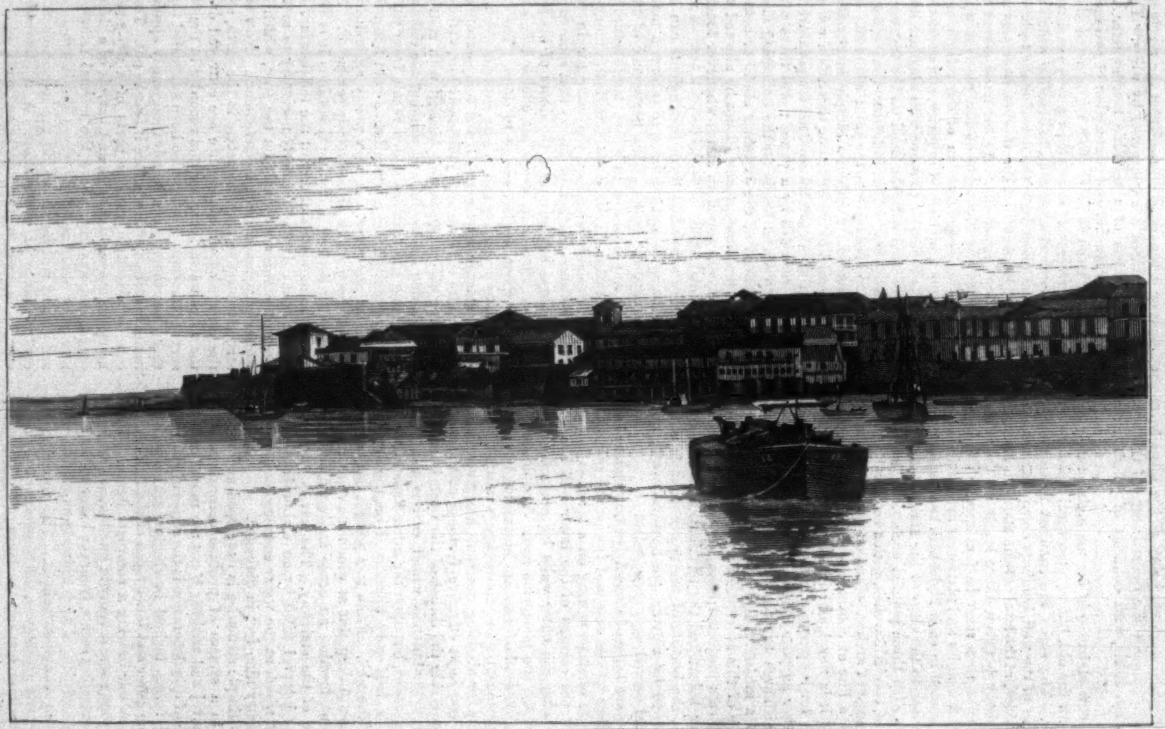
SAM. "Did; but it was opshinul whether I took in Greek and Latin, or balls and bats, you know. Look in the directory."



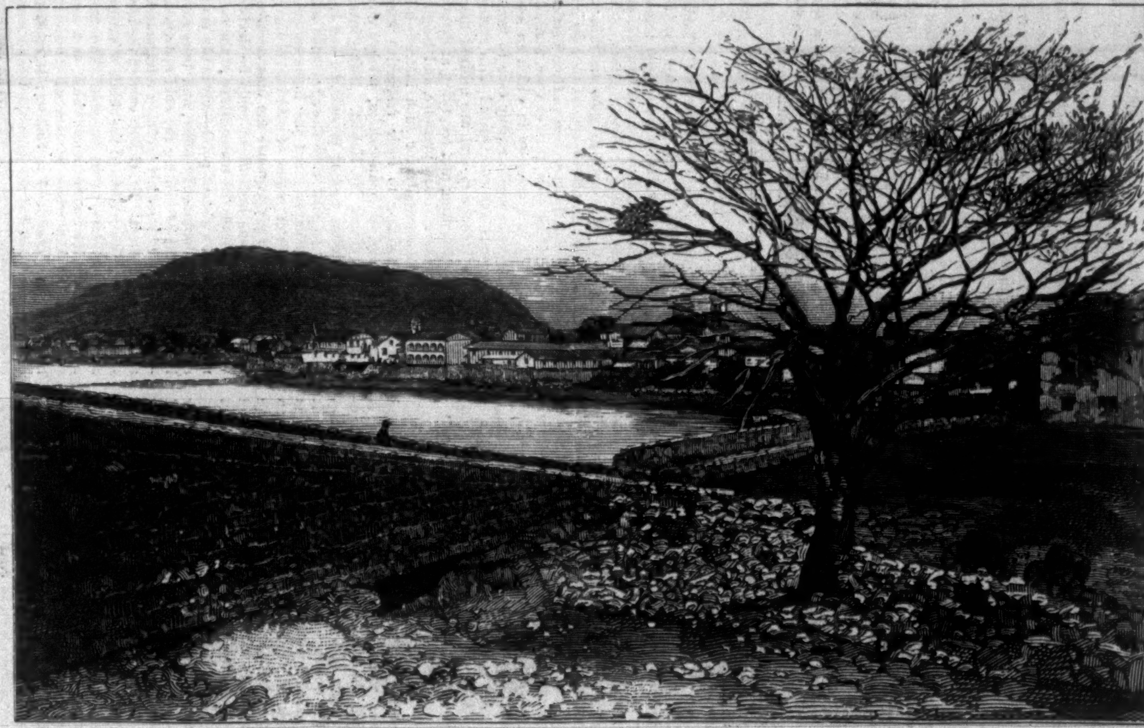
MAIN STREET, ASPINWALL.



THE FRENCH VILLAGE AT ASPINWALL.

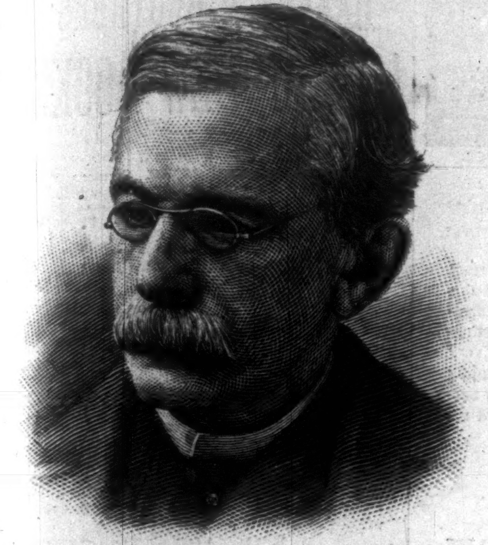


PANAMA, FROM THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S WHARF.

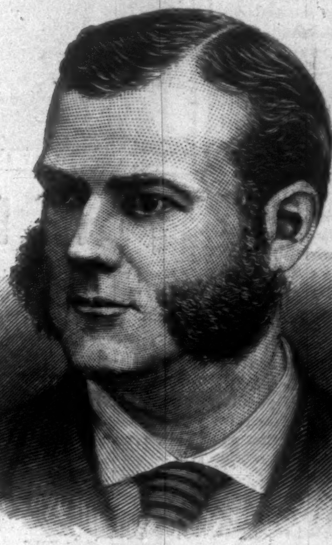


PANAMA, FROM THE OLD WALL.

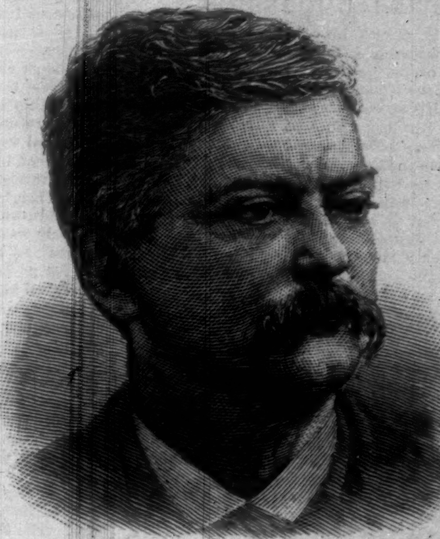
THE INSURRECTION AT THE ISTHMUS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIAZ & SPENCER, OF SANTIAGO, CHILI.—[SEE PAGE 231.]



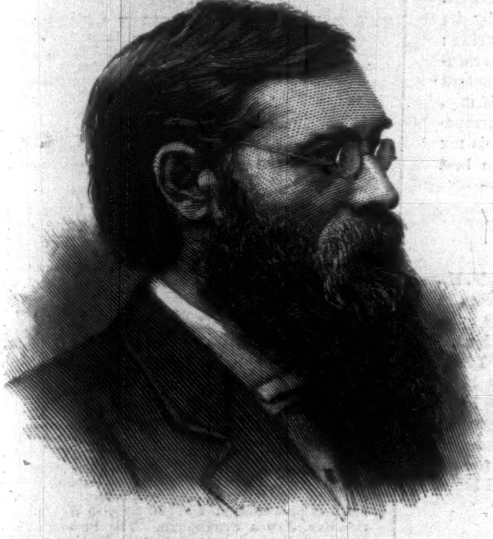
ANTHONY M. KEILEY, MINISTER TO ITALY.
Photographed by G. W. Davis, Richmond, Virginia.—[See Page 231.]



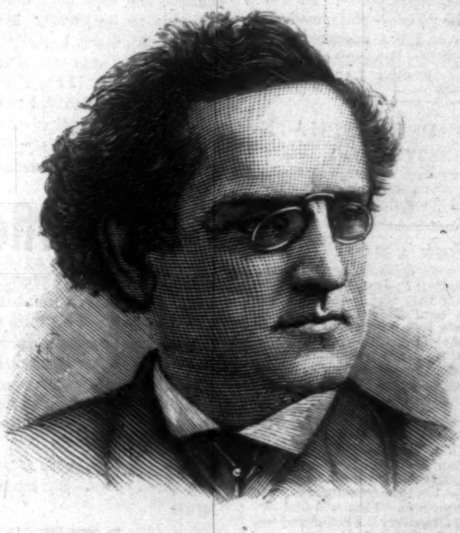
ISAAC BELL, JUN., MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS.
[See Page 231.]



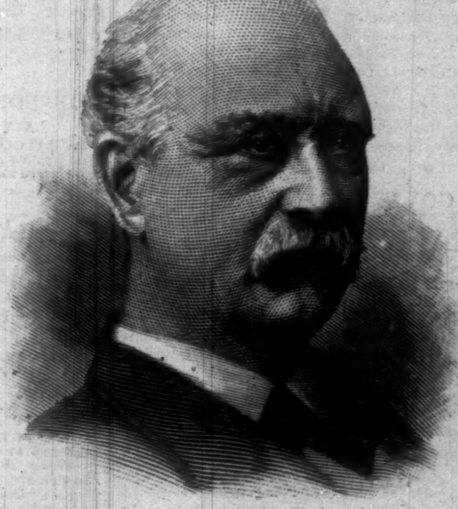
EDWARD PARKE CUSTIS LEWIS, MINISTER TO PORTUGAL.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.—[See Page 231.]



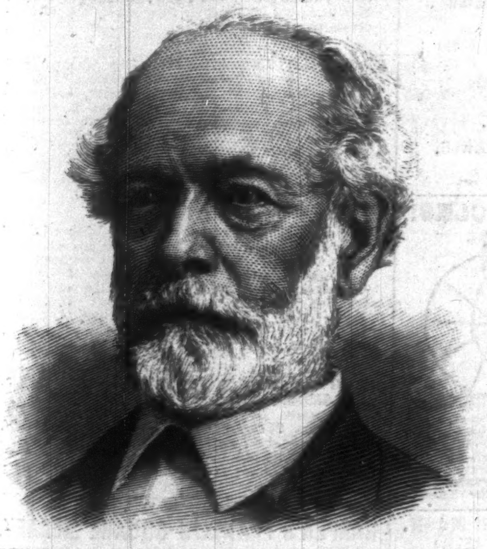
RASMUS B. ANDERSON, MINISTER TO DENMARK.
Photographed by E. R. Curtis, Madison, Wisconsin.—[See Page 231.]



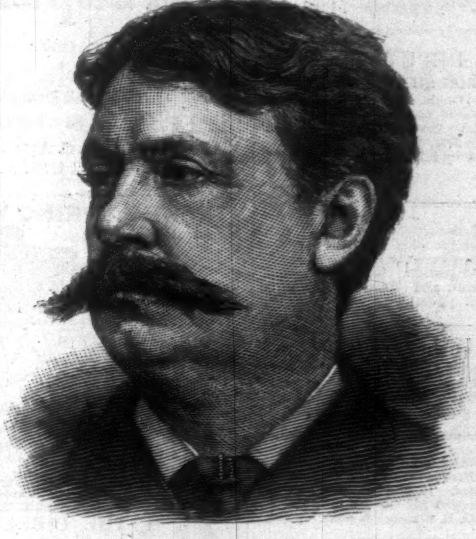
THOMAS M. WALLER, CONSUL-GENERAL AT LONDON.
Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 234.]



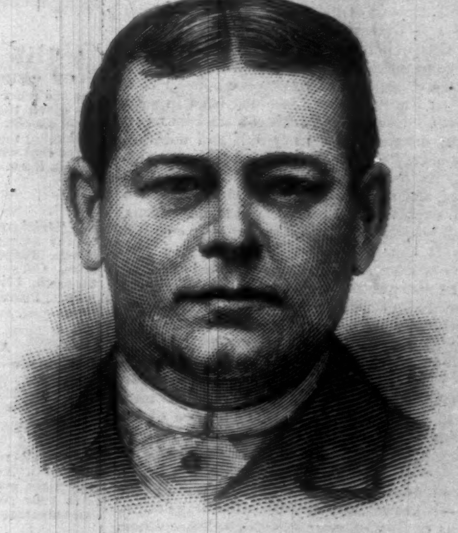
FREDERICK RAINE, CONSUL-GENERAL AT BERLIN.
[See Page 234.]



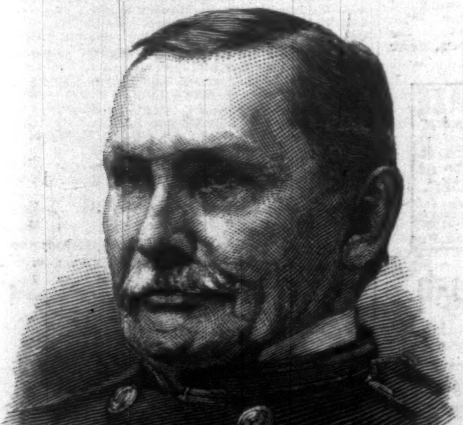
GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF RAILROADS.—Photographed by G. S. Cook, Richmond, Virginia.—[See Page 238.]



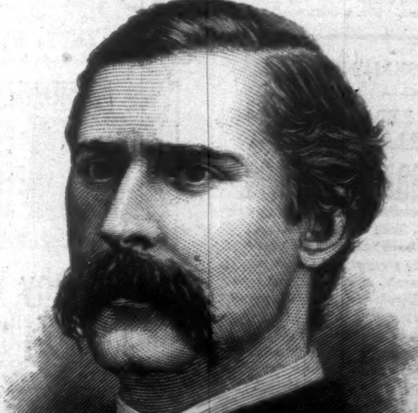
HENRY G. PEARSON, POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK.
Photographed by Kurtz, New York.—[See Page 238.]



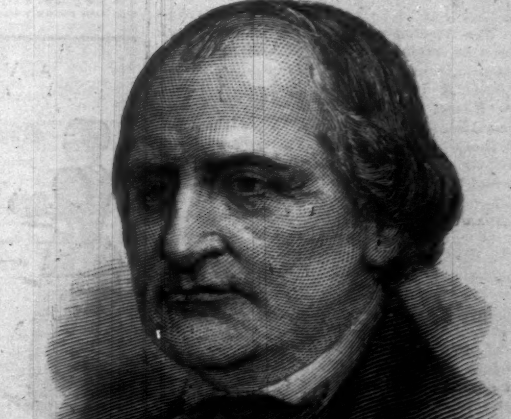
GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF RHODE ISLAND.—[See Page 238.]



ADMIRAL JOUETT, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE "TENNESSEE."
Photographed by Hatton, New York.—[See Page 231.]



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HEYWOOD, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.—[See Page 231.]



FRANZ ABT.—From a Photograph published by Kirchner & Co., New York.—[See Page 235.]

GENERAL JOHNSTON.

Joseph Eccleston Johnston, the new Commissioner of Railroads, is the famous General "Joe" Johnston of the war, and when he surrendered his sword, the backbone of the Confederacy was broken. His personal bravery has passed into a proverb. But long before the days of Vicksburg and Fair Oaks he was wounded in the battles of Chapultepec and Cerro Gordo beyond the Mexican frontier. He was one of the original five generals who were first appointed by Jefferson Davis, and was chief in command of the armies of Virginia until disabled on the field. Since the war he has been a member of Congress. His age is seventy-eight.

POSTMASTER PEARSON.

Henry G. Pearson, re-appointed Postmaster of New York, is a native of the city, and a graduate of the public schools. At the age of eighteen, in the year 1860, he was appointed stamper and distributer at the post-office by General John A. Dix, the postmaster. Three years later he was discharged for lack of interest in "political work," but his knowledge of route distribution caused his recall a few months later, the office being unable to get along without him. From 1864 to 1871 he was successively assistant clerk, clerk, head clerk, and chief head clerk, on the New York and Washington railway post-office line. Two years afterward he became Superintendent of Mails in the New York post-office, serving about ten months, when he was made Acting Assistant Postmaster. Three weeks later he was Assistant Postmaster, and such he remained until the 22d of March, 1881, when he was appointed Postmaster. He has thus been twenty-four years in the postal service, and his re-appointment by a Democratic President was in conformity with the wishes of the business men of New York city, irrespective of party.

GOVERNOR WETMORE.

George Peabody Wetmore, the new Governor of Rhode Island, is one of the best-known citizens of Newport, and has long had a home in this city. His magnificent house at Newport has been the seat of splendid hospitalities, one of the most noteworthy occasions being the reception in honor of President Arthur in the summer of 1883. Mr. Wetmore is a gentleman of great wealth and cultivation, and has always been a Republican, although his interest in politics had not been conspicuously shown before his party nominated him to the Governorship.

SENATORS OR PEERS.

Recent discussions in England have brought into distinct contrast the merits of a hereditary and an elective Second House. The London *Times* has given an elaborate, careful, and not always favorable account of the American Senate, of the French and German. The English people are plainly tired of hereditary legislators, and are looking for some means of bringing their Upper Chamber into a closer sympathy with the popular feeling. The House of Peers has long been in want of reform. Its members seldom attend its meetings; its debates are usually dull and unmeaning; it is only when some question springs up affecting its own order that its splendid hall is crowded, and its Tory leaders are able to awaken a real excitement among the languid barons. Like all hereditary bodies, it is intensely conservative. It has opposed and delayed every progressive measure. It resolutely excluded the Jews from Parliament for a century; it defeated the Reform Bill of 1830–32 until the people rose everywhere in riot and bloodshed; it retained the tax on corn while the people perished; it kept Dissenters and Roman Catholics out of office until it was forced into submission. And if, as Mr. Gladstone asserts, its rejection of the Irish measures of 1880 has been the chief source of the disastrous agitation in Ireland of later years, it would seem that the reactionary tendencies of the House of Lords have been fatally felt in Europe and America. But its latest offense is the worst—it has refused the right of suffrage to two millions of Englishmen; it would still keep them in bondage like the serfs of the past.

English thinkers naturally turn their eyes upon the American Senate and its European copies, and suggest a complete reform in the House of Lords that shall make it a representative assembly. The American Senate took its name and probably its origin from the Roman Senate. Our ancestors, filled with classical conceptions, slowly and timidly, in 1787–8, planned and moulded their Upper House. They would have no House of Lords, no hereditary legislature. They boldly put aside titles, rank, and birth. The only qualification of the members was suitable age and character and the trust of the people. The American Senate was almost a new creation. Hamilton and Adams doubted the value of their own work. They were, strangely enough, full of admiration for the House of Lords. But the people took up the new Constitution, and made it forever republican. The Senate has proved the safe refuge of freedom in all the history of the nation. Unlike the House of Lords, it has always stood on the side of progress and reform. Unlike the Peers, its members have been always active in fulfilling their official duties. Nearly a hundred years of its useful existence are passed. The happy conception of the American Senate has been borrowed by every state. France has at least its name, Germany its substance, and an elective Upper House is found in Australia and South America, in Italy, Roumania, Greece.

The Roman Senate, the parent of modern Senates, was not an elective body. Its members were selected by the censors from persons who had filled the higher offices in the state. They were nominated for life; but in practice the high offices were kept in the ruling families, and hence the Senate became at last an aristocratic assembly, almost as exclusive as the House of Peers. It became the stronghold of the slave-holders, whence they seized upon the public land and defied the reformers, and the source of the mental and moral weakness that destroyed Rome. The experiment of freedom at Rome was successful for centuries; it was weighted down in an unequal struggle with the claims of a fierce nobility, an uncultivated people, a rapid growth of slavery, incessant wars. The people perished; the slave-holders and their slaves alone remained. Happily for us in the New World, the working-men triumphed in their struggle with slavery, and our broad domain is peopled by a race that knows no master. Our Senate is the stronghold of the people. "Among the 'second chambers' of the world," says the London *Times*, "it holds unquestionably the foremost place." To some of the strictures of the English critic it is possible that an easy reply could be found; it is certain that they are not applicable to a Senate that has voluntarily declared for a thorough civil service reform.

In the creation of a Second Chamber the American Senate has been the model of all recent Senates. The French have just excluded from their plan the seventy-five life members; elective Senators take their place. An American Senator in the project of our ancestors was to possess neither rank, title, wealth, nor hereditary power. He was to be simply a man of the people—plain, modest, sincere. The modern world has accepted this conception, and plainly prefers Senators to Peers.

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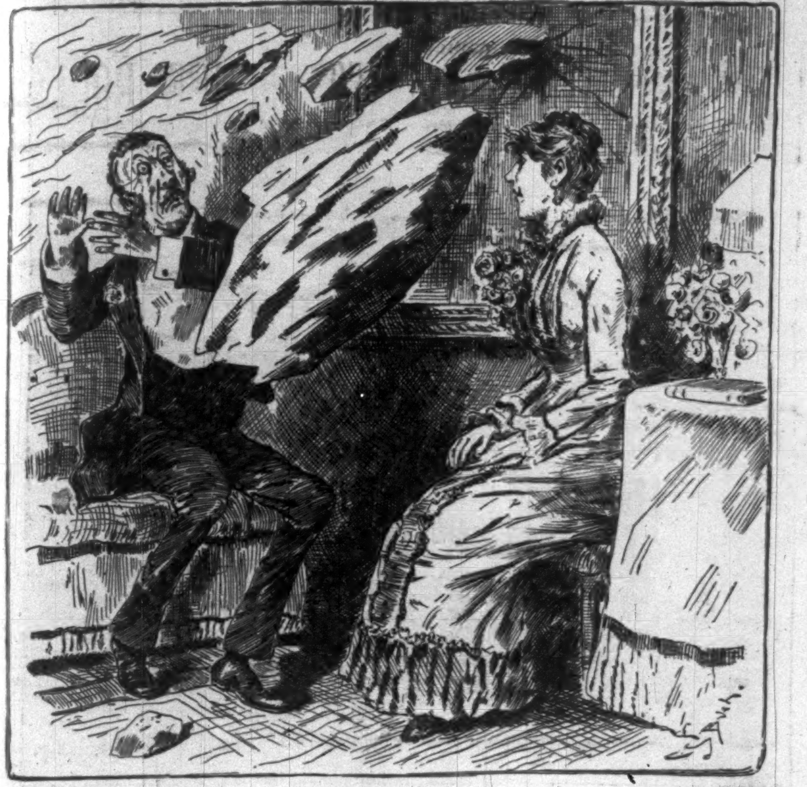

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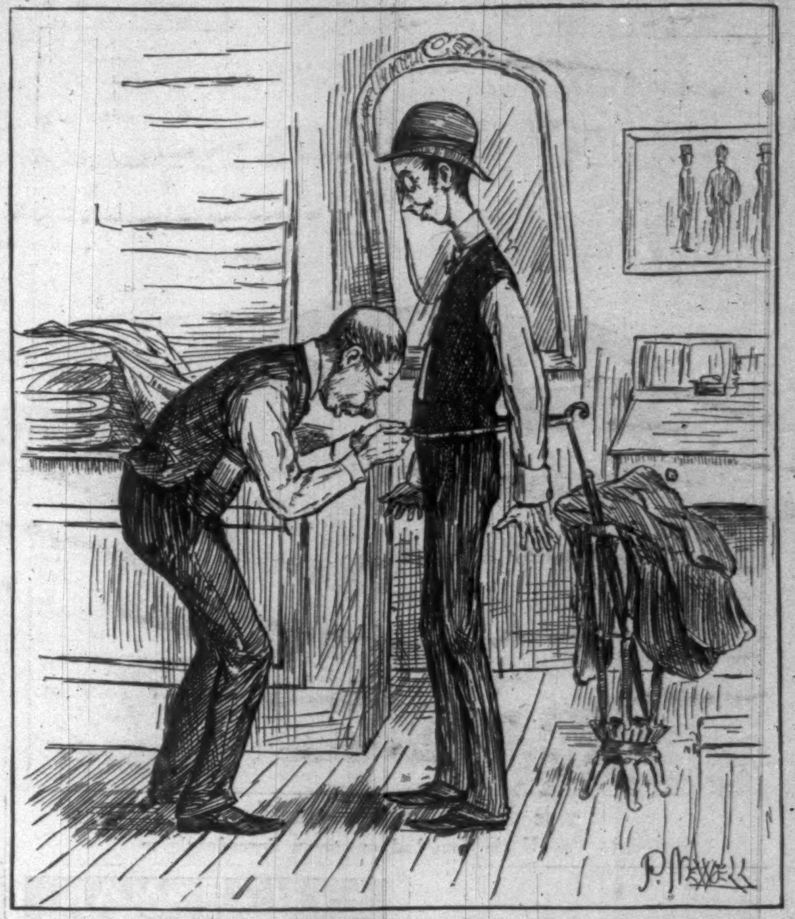

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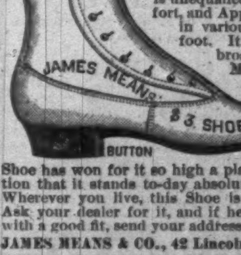

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